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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

A Record of the Darker Races

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, *Editor-in-Chief*

George W. Streator
Roy Wilkins } *Managing Editors*

If the Detroit strike settlement forces the capitalistic A. F. of L. to admit real workers, and black ones at that, to its ranks, it will be a real labor victory. William has already turned Green at the thought.

●

Control the Stock Exchange? It is to laugh. First thing you know, Congress will try to re-direct the solar system and legislate on the fixed stars.

●

Those Americans who have been working overtime to induce somebody to fight Japan, are presumably pausing for breath. Just wait until they rest up!

●

If Mr. Mitchell of the National City Bank earned two or three million dollars by his exhausting activities just before the Depression, we know a couple of washerwomen since who deserve at least ten million cash.

●

We suggest that the proposed State Lottery in New York be put into the hands of the Stock Exchange for expert administration.

●

As between fishing and world war veterans, we are all for the fish as less sophisticated, bitter and greedy.

●

Say how was Recovery coming—by raising or lowering prices? By lowering or raising wages? We're all mixed up, and are writing General Motors.

●

The judges appointed by the owners of Alabama coal mines, have rushed nobly to the rescue, and stopped the hike in miners' wages. Now who can doubt the incorruptibility of our courts?

●

Senator Thayer of New York has explained his relations to the Power Trust. He was simply defending the old home town, and by God! He never touched a bribe, no never! And that is as clear as mud.

●

We dimly remember that in 1876, Louisiana declared that all she needed for decent politics was the disfranchisement of the Negro; which explains why Huey Long is cussing his path through Congress, hounded by the professional gamblers of New Orleans. The superiority of the white race beats hell.

●

The latest skit in the international vaudeville, with Samuel Insull, as premiere danseuse, was screamingly funny: just as the charming dancer with a pirouette landed in a sea of grease, he reached for a hospitable turkey, and somehow slipped.

●

The new income tax bill is openly called a bill "to redistribute wealth." This is as it should be. God knows we have had in the last century laws a-plenty to drain wealth into private pockets.

●

The Catholics and Nazis are going to the mat in Germany with Hitler and the Pope rolling up their sleeves and spitting on their hands. We are delighted spectators, and we're betting on the Catholic Church.

Dictator Doumergue is governing France by 14 decrees which dismiss 800,000 government employees, and make other little economies.

●

Huey Long and Pat Harrison are now appearing in their great roles of Pot and Kettle in the Senate Arena, Washington. Admission one cent and dear at that.

●

Germany, with no right to build battleships, wants to enter the International Naval Conference of 1935, and the United States is trying to outbuild the naval world before the Conference meets. Success in disarmament thus seems certain.

●

The various states of this nation have repudiated about a half-billion of debts owed Europe since 1830. Now we are telling Europe where to get off unless it pays us the debts which were inflicted on them by black-jacking and sharp practice, before and during the World War.

●

Hitler has handed back the stolen pension of the poor, old woman who had the misfortune to be widow of the first President of the German Republic. *Heil dir in Sieger-Kranz!*

●

Mussolini announces plans for expansion over Ethiopia, and is said to have been dipping into the marriage plans of an Abyssinian Prince. Careful, Duce, remember Adua!

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THE CRISIS was founded in 1910. It is published monthly at 69 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., by Crisis Publishing Company, Inc., and is the official organ of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The subscription price is $1.50 a year or 15c a copy. Foreign subscriptions $1.75. The date of expiration of each subscription is printed on the wrapper. When the subscription is due a blue renewal blank is enclosed. The address of a subscriber may be changed as often as desired, but both the old and new address must be given and two weeks' notice is necessary. Manuscripts and drawings relating to colored people are desired. They must be accompanied by return postage, and while THE CRISIS uses every care it assumes no responsibility for their safety in transit. Entered as second class matter November 2, 1910, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879, and additional second class entry at Albany, N. Y.

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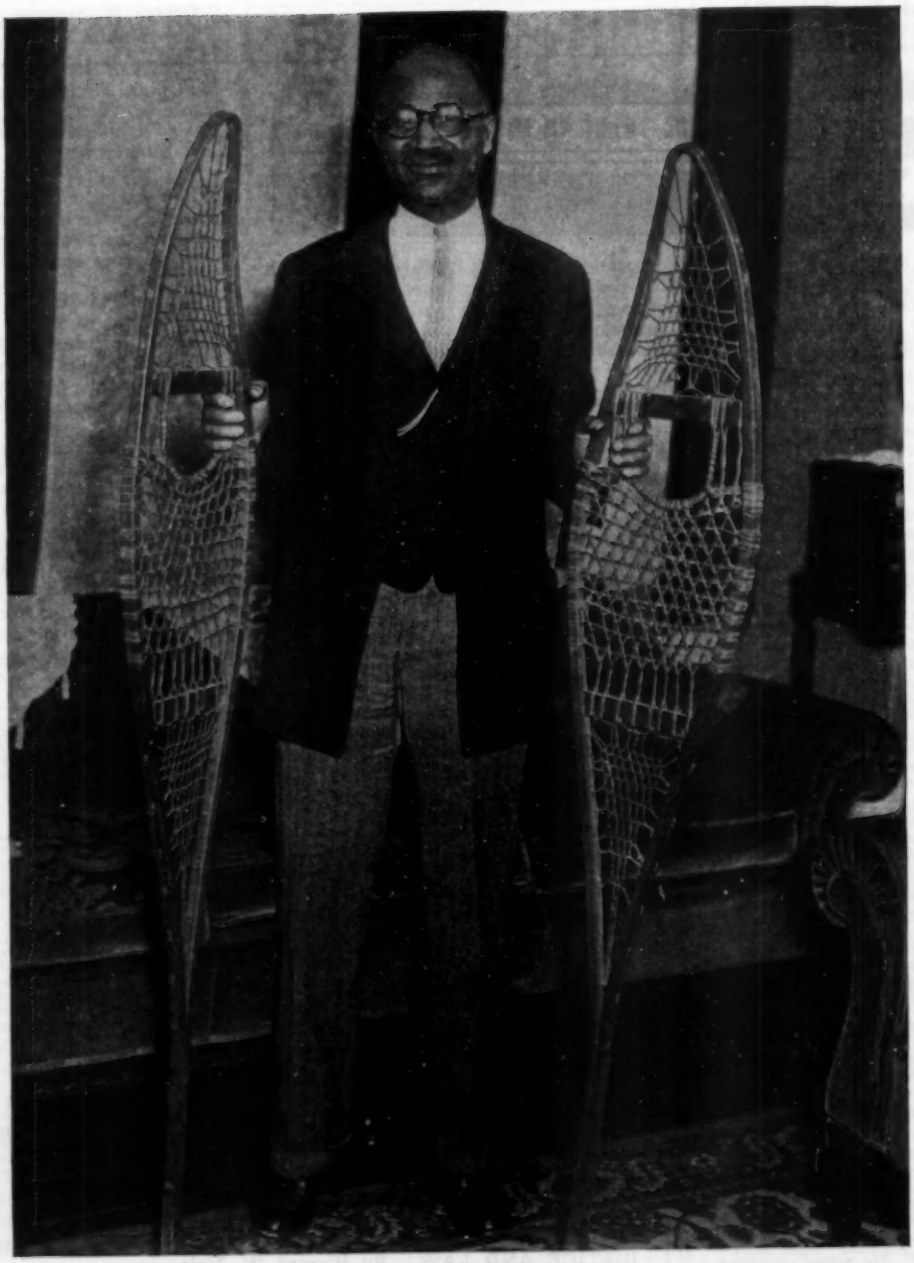


MATTHEW HENSON
(See page 135)

Parallel Between Hitlerism and the Persecution of Negroes in America

By RABBI STEPHEN S. WISE

(Address delivered at the twenty-fourth annual meeting of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People—Ethical Culture Hall, January 7, 1934.)

AS I came in here a little while ago and heard Miss Ruby Green singing that beautiful "Rest in the Lord" it occurred to me, though perhaps you do not know, that if this meeting were held in Germany today that could not be sung—nothing of Mendelsohn may be sung in Germany, for Mendelsohn was a Jew. So that we are not permitted to rest in the Lord any longer in Germany.

I confess that I have found to a certain degree a certain measure of heartening in the response of the nation to that hideous lynching outbreak of some weeks ago. We know that when the Governor spoke as he did, he after all evoked a nation-wide response which was one of repudiation and unlimited detestation of the lawlessness of the highest officer of the commonwealth of California; and that repudiation culminated in the admirable word—do you not agree with me?—spoken by the President of the United States three weeks ago, when without any specific mention of the Governor of California he did obviously refer to the lawlessness of lynching and the condonation thereof by certain officers of the law.

I think that the word of the Governor of California has brought the issue of lynching to the fore in such a way as will make it much more nearly possible, if not easily possible, to secure the legislation of which we have been thinking for years than would have been possible if he had not committed the moral if not the legal blunder of speaking as did the Governor of California.

I have spoken of something that has come to hearten us. Let me now speak of something else for a moment which has been as a nightmare to all of us as Americans and most especially to those of us who are members of the Jewish people, sons and daughters of the Jewish race. I use the terms people and race advisedly, for while there is a religious or quasi-religious background from which persecution of the Jew derives, it is the Jew who racially is hated and misprized and wronged by the non-Jewish world, and most of all by certain races of which we have come to see a little more in these days. I wonder how closely you have followed the rise of Hitlerism in recent years. I do not intend, nor do I trust myself, to enter into the length and breadth of the Nazi movement. I wish to limit myself to one aspect of the theme.

You and I have been reading a great deal about *Gleichschaltung*, a German term which it is rather difficult to translate. It can be translated by unification or coordination. I for my part, who know German fairly well, believe regimentation is a better translation of *Gleichschaltung* than either unification or coordination. What does *Gleichschaltung* mean, for the term is of just as much interest to you as to me. While in America we do not speak of *Gleichschaltung*, it is the thought of *Gleichschaltung* that lies back of much that we regret and sorrow over in American life. Lo and behold *Gleichschaltung* really means, no deviation and no variation! There must be no departure from one particular norm and that norm is the Aryan norm. No one exactly knows what the Aryan norm is. No one except Hitler and his kind knows what Aryanism is and who the Aryans are. When I was a student at Oxford in 1895, I remember having sat at the feet of Friedrich Max Muller, one of the great scholars of his time, editor and translator of the "Sacred Books of the East." He turned to a small group and said, "There is no such thing as an Aryan people. I do not know that there is an Aryan tongue. I am prepared to say there may be such things as Aryan dialects and that is as far as I am ready to go."

Now the Aryans say there must be *Gleichschaltung*, not uniformity, not coordination, for one may coordinate the unlike. One may coordinate the Christian churches of New York, the Roman Catholic and all the Protestant churches. One may coordinate all the religious interests, in which case synagogues and ethical societies and community churches would be included. But *Gleichschaltung* or regimentation means something very different. It means the superimposition of uniformity, the banishment of whatsoever departs from the norm of uniformity.

In one sense Hitler is right. Whatever Hitler and his kind may be, we Jews in Germany are not Aryans; we are Semites. I confess I am a little prouder than I was a year ago that I am a Semite, prouder and happier than ever that there is not a drop of Aryan blood in my veins. There are some Jews who are not ready to make that admission. They would say, who come here from time to time or to my Synagogue, "We are of the Jewish faith; ours is the Jewish religion; but we are not sure there is such a thing as the Jewish race or the Jewish people." Well, I am very sure there is; and whether we Jews are sure or not, Hitler is very sure there is, and that is really what matters in Germany. Hitler is very sure there is a Jewish race, a Jewish people. He does not call us Jews. He calls us in the negative form, non-Aryan. We are a negative quantity—non-Aryans. But we know we are Jews. And one of the many lovely things that Christians have done to us throughout the centuries is that you have made us fearful of admitting that we are not exactly as you are and that we are ourselves.

I do not wish to enter into a comparative study of Aryanism and Semitism. If I were to do so, I would have at least as good a story to tell for Semitism and the Semites as for the Aryans. I know that Germany has made mighty contributions to the human race. Just because Hitler is what he is, is no reason why I should deny the genius of Schiller or Lessing. I was going to add Heine, but he belongs to us. He was Jewish, though by concession some manner of Christian, and before life was over he returned to the household of his people. I am ready to match the record of the Jews, the record of Jewish contributions to civilization, with the record of Aryanism. If my people, the Jewish people, had not written the Testament Old and Testament New—and every page of the Bible, old and new, is written by the hands of the Jew except possibly one epistle of the New Testament;—and if my fathers had not given to the world the patriarchs and the kings and the prophets and the priests and the apostles beginning with Abraham and culminating in Jesus, John and Peter and Paul and Mary—if my people had made none of these contributions, then I might say to you we are an inferior people. We have not as yet contributed very much to the world, but give us a chance; and as the world is Christian I should still have the right to appeal to Christian compassion and ask a little more consideration and a little more compassion and a little more patience with the Jewish people, who on the basis of my momentary postulate have not made any

very considerable contribution to the spiritual treasury of the world.

Do you know what is happening in Germany today? In Germany a reign of lawlessness obtains today. There is no *law*. There are laws but no *law*. There are edicts, statutes, proscriptions; but *law* is gone. And I would add here, because the analogy is often adduced—you may not make the mistake of saying that what is happening today to the Jews in Germany is no worse than what has happened in some of the States in the South to the Negro race. For after all you should bear in mind, if you would be just, that what is happening today to the Jews, to my people in Germany, is the result of governmental policy, governmental decrees, governmental statutes and laws recently and expressly enacted, the government after all standing back of every act of persecution against the Jews. Lately I have noticed as I studied the new legislation—and I do little else at present—that they have changed the law and proscribed all who have twelve and a half per cent of Jewish or Semetic blood; so far has the anti-Jewish feud carried.

But I would go back to *Gleichschaltung* and draw my moral, and then I shall have done. This impatience with variation in the life of Germany grows out of certain things. One is self-worship, racial self-worship. You may say, to use the jargon of a new science, that is, the new psychology, that this racial or collective self-worship of the Aryan and German people is nothing more than a token of an inferiority complex. I am perfectly willing to let you take that view with Professor Freud, but after all at present we are not engaged in unravelling psychological problems. Together we are facing a fact and the fact very simply stated is this: The self-worship of the Aryans must yet find a people upon whom to vent its wrath, its bitterness and its hatred, the hatred and the bitterness of an evil defeatism. What Aryans have not learned is that persecution and hatred are always of superior peoples. One never hates and persecutes inferiors. One hates and persecutes and wrongs those whom subconsciously one accepts either as actual equals or potential superiors. If we could only get it into the heads of our friends, the Aryans, that the surest proof of their own moral and spiritual inferiority is to be found in abysmal wrong which they are doing to the Jewish people, there might be some hope of a change of policy and attitude with regard to the Jew.

No land, no civilization is secure morally or in any sense if it be built upon a foundation of *Gleichschaltung*, regimentation or uniformity. The moment any group in this country insists upon regimentation, hatred, persecution and wrong are bound to ensue. As a Jew, I always say to my Christian friends that not only would I not be a Christian because I have not met enough Christians to know what a Christian is like, but I would not be a Christian. In order to be one I would have to undertake to imitate a Christian and imitation is suicide.

I belong to a race which has not only greatly lived but which ought to continue to live and which has the same right to live as do Anglo Saxons and Latins or any other race in the world. The moment men and women admit the validity of the theory of regimentation, follow persecution, discrimination and the infliction of injustice of every kind upon them who either cannot or will not be regimented. Now, we Jews cannot be regimented into a purely Aryan "civilization". If the Germans have the right to say that all the people in Germany shall be alike and look alike and think alike and act alike, then we have no place in Germany. There are written records of the life of Jews in Germany in the tenth century. In 1919 my people celebrated the one-thousandth anniversary of the beginning of written records of Jewish life in the Rhineland. But I go back. If there is no room for any racial or linguistic or any ethical variation in the life of a nation such as Germany then we Jews must go.

I conceive that civilization means the right of all the people living in a land to be themselves, to live their own life, to stand on their own feet, to see with their own eyes, to hear with their own ears, to think with their own minds; not the suppression of any ideal of the men and women and children of the land but the realization that civilization is made up of the joint contributions of all groups and types within that land.

The Hitler theory has been tried in America—not especially and definitely against the Jewish racial group but against every racial group, with the most disastrous results; and strange to say, results at least as disastrous to the persecutors as to the persecuted. For that is how persecution works. Much as we Jews are hurt by Hitler, Germany is hurt more than we are. We are going to survive, but I do not know whether Germany is going to recover. I do not know whether Aryanism is going to survive. We have tried it in America. When are we going to learn that the members of every race have exactly the same right to be themselves that the members of any other race within the complex pale of American life? Until that day comes when there shall be understanding among the really civilized citizens of America of the truth that one may not regiment; in other words, that men cannot be forced to be what they are not; that when men are under compulsion they have nothing to give to America; that when men are themselves, and live their own life, they have a contribution to make—and I believe you will become enriching contributions to American life—we shall not have an end of the blasphemous doctrine of regimentation, that theory not of Him who said, "For my house shall be called a house of prayer for my people," but a house for imprecation and malediction against all other peoples. Such is the regimentation theory.

You may well say to me, "Dr. Wise, do you preach to your people the patience, the long-suffering quality which you are moved to commend to us?" If I seem not to do so, then I am sinning against the spirit of my people. If some time you have heard me speak of what has happened to my people in Germany, you may be tempted to think I am impatient, that mine is a feeling of revolt against Nazi Germans. I have the same deep feeling of revolt against any and every wrong done to any member of your race and any member of any of the races of the earth. We have had such a long and tragic experience.

I remember that when 1933 began, we read with such profound awe the words of the Pope which marked the beginning of the celebration of the nineteen hundredth anniversary of the passing of Jesus. He instituted a holy year and the holy year began with his tapping at the doors and uttering the words of the Hebrew psalmist, "Open unto me the gates of righteousness that I may enter and go into them." I was naive enough to imagine that the holy year was going to be a year of special compassion, a year of friendliness to my people throughout the Christian world. I need not tell you what has happened but I do need to tell you that we are going on. We have lived for many centuries. We have been hurt and wounded. I do not mean to say to you that a people can be persecuted century after century and not be hurt. But we have learned the art of survival.

You, too, have been wronged. You, too, have been deeply wounded—in this home which is not merely the home of your friends but your own home; for America is just as truly your home as it is the home of any racial group in the American commonwealth. And I somehow, dear friends, feel there is a growing tide of discontent against the attitude in American life which makes for *Gleichschaltung* and uniformity and regimentation. I think in the last few years,—perhaps because they have been

years of poverty and misery—we have learned something. The something that we have learned, which my fathers learned a little earlier than you and other peoples, is that under God we have the right and the duty to be ourselves.

If we cease to be ourselves we cease to be. Self-insistence is life. Self negation is death. Even as we shall survive, shall survive Hitlerism in Germany and in other lands so you will survive the trials and the injustices and the abysmal wrongs of which you are the victims. The only thing for you and for us to remember is that it is nothing to survive. The only thing that really matters is greatly to survive; nobly to survive; to survive with unbroken spirit, with unlessened hope, with undimmed vision. God give that healing boon to your people and to my people and to all the peoples who are wronged.

The Poet's Corner

Black Madonna

By Wilhelmina E. Hamlin

MOTHER of Jesus, look on my child,
His eyes are like starlight to me;
Wonderful, beautiful, God-given son,
Part of the night's mystery,
Part of all heaven to me.

Mother of Jesus, see now my babe
Whose hands cling so tightly to mine;
Tender, compassionate love fills his life,
Infinite love, like to thine;
Infinite trust now is mine.

Mother of Jesus, thou hadst a son;
Thy heart knew its anguish and pain,
List'ning forever for footsteps grown still,
Calling thy son's name in vain,
Walking in unceasing pain.

Mother of Jesus, thou heardst the mob
That screamed out its bitter demands;
"Loose him and give him to us here," they cried,
"Pilate has washed his hands;
Pilate has heard our demands."

Though on my bosom his dark head rests,
Mine eyes turn to Gethsemane;
Mother of Jesus, come close to my child;
Save him from bleak Calvary;
Save him from Gethsemane.

Virtue Inviolate

By Wilhelmina E. Hamlin

FOREVER I must walk apart,
Must ever lonely go;
No life may come too close to mine;
If it touch me—I shall know.

For me can be no bright, gay throng;
For me no crowd may grow
Into my heart's recessive depths;
If it touch me—I shall know.

Hillward my feet must ever climb;
Onward my soul must go,
Nor pause before the wayside inn;
If it touch me—I shall know.

Forever I must walk apart,
Must ever lonely go;
No life may come too close to mine;
If it touch me—I shall know.

From the Delta's Unmarked Graves

By Harvey M. Williamson

HARLOT and minister and thief,
Halfwit and wiseman,
Richman, poorman, wife—
All being black, we sleep together here
Amid the weeds that hide our graves.
Proscribed to obscurity in life,
We remain so in death.
In our lives there was one unfortunate occurrence:
We were born.
Likewise there was one fortunate occurrence:
We died.
The beginning and the end.
Between them was life.
Of this we speak—

Lily Baines

MRS. BENSON was president of the local chapter
Of the Daughters of the Confederacy
And the society leader in Benson.
But she hated me.
My mother used to cook for the Sheltons,
And we lived in their back-yard.
But I was pretty and I knew it.
Phil Benson thought so, too.
So I had an automobile and a maid.
The race problem was no concern of mine.

Ulysses Giffen

I ALWAYS thought of apple blossoms
When I looked at Lily Baines.
She was pretty and I loved her.
She was a colored woman.
So I did not believe them when they told me
What Mr. Benson said.
I went to see her again
and they chased me.
I ran into a ditch and ruptured myself.
They dragged me out and beat me.
I died in a few days.

Cicero Jones

THEY called me a halfwit
Because I was always chuckling.
I was only thinking of the joke
The whiteman played on himself
In 1619 at Jamestown.

Benjamin Franklin Lovejoy

THEY said I was a "good nigger".
I attended to my affairs
And they did not molest me.
Soon I owned a thousand acres of land
And was rich.
Yet I hated them.
But I continued to tip my hat
And be a "good nigger",
For it took money to keep
A son in Harvard
And two daughters in Oberlin.

Cain Brown

THEY chained me to the roof of a cabin
One spring night and burned me.
I was a "trusty" at Parchman,
The state penitentiary.
I did not kidnap the warden's daughter.
We eloped.
And they caught us.
But we were happy
For a day.

Emancipation

By David Kingman

OUT of a stronger prison
Than ever steel bars can make,
And out of a darker dungeon
Than any Amendment can break,
The race of my people are coming
In thin but hastening streams.
For the Light is beginning to reach them—
The Light of fresh hope and new dreams.
And you who would have us to serve you,
And you who would have us to bear
The burden of your inane glory
Must look to your laurels with care.

O you who have laid the foundations
Of estates on the bones of my clay—
Who laugh at the Constitution
And the rights that we have today;
Who sing of the white man's glory
As something innate or bestowed,
Must forfeit your baseless contention,
And assume your share of the load.
For God knows we have suffered for nothing,
Have sat back and trembled with fear.
But this I warn you. Remember:
The day of the Negro is near!

Daydream

By Margaret Walker

I WANT to write ——.
I want to write the songs of a people.
I want to hear them singing melodies in the dark.
I want to catch the last floating strains
From their sob stricken throats.
I want to frame their dreams into words,
Their souls into notes.
I want to catch their sunshine laughter
In a bowl;
Fling dark hands to a darker sky
And fill them full of stars,
Then crush and mix such lights till they become
A mirrored pool of brilliance in the dawn.

Black Velvet

By JUANITA DE SHIELD

"BOY, that's pretty good, even if I do say so myself. What a break if I could win that prize. Well I've got two weeks to practice."

Humming her song, she looked over the handbill again.

"Amateur Nite! Local Talent!! Cash Prizes!!!"

Straightway she fell into a reverie, dreaming of her conquest, picturing every small detail of her performance: how she would stand, how she would throw back her head as she sang, how swell she would look up there on the stage.

The happy smile died on that last thought. She pursed her full lips tight together and ran to the closet. A brown silk street-dress was the best thing her skimpy wardrobe offered. She took it down, scrutinized it with narrowed eyes, tried it on. It was short, had pleats, and long sleeves. Not so hot. She certainly wouldn't make a very commanding personage in that. She just looked clean and scrubbed—she wanted to look glamorous and intriguing—she wanted to exhibit some *savoir faire*. Now black velvet, long and clinging. . . .

The striking of the clock called her back to reality with a start. Six o'clock and no supper ready. Sis would be home in a few minutes, tired, hungry, and irritable. She put away the dress and the dream, and began to prepare the evening meal for Sis and herself. Sis was working in a factory; she was not working, and had not for some time. She had been studying music while she worked. To meet her fees, she had to deny herself the frivolities and personal gadgets most girls admire.

There was a goodly wind blowing as she walked along Seventh Avenue. She folded her coat more tightly around her and pressed her underarm purse more tightly against her. The monetary contents of that purse totaled five dollars for the weekly budget. She turned into One hundred twenty-fifth Street. The bright windows with their attractive merchandise occupied not a little of her attention. She pressed her broad brown nose against the window, her lips parted in admiration, her eyes half-closed with envy.

"Come in dearie, come in," called the proprietor, a fair daughter of Israel.

"Oh, I'm not buying anything," she replied quickly.

"That's nothing," said the other with a characteristic shrug. Just look around."

A young salesgirl sidled toward her. "What can I do for you?" she inquired sweetly—too sweetly.

Up to this time she was quite sure of herself; but the salesgirl showed her a black velvet; then she was not so sure of herself. She hesitated a moment. That was all the salesgirl wanted. And now she was in a dressing-room clad in black velvet, long and clinging. She regarded the reflected person in the big mirror and found her glamorous and intriguing. She felt herself growing pale beneath her dusky skin. All her sense of reason was deserting her; she could feel her brain shrinking and weakening; the primal instinct "take what you want" filled the vacancy. Her long-suppressed desire overwhelmed her, and, like long-imprisoned musty air, stifled her.

The salesgirl kept cooing, "just a little down and a few cents a week."

She left the shop feeling a little bewildered and with only three of the five dollars left in her purse. As she walked her bewilderment changed to chagrin, and the grim realization of what she had done broke upon her.

"Good Lord what have I done? I couldn't pay ten cents a week much less fifty. Yet I must have that dress for that Friday night. I've just got to do something between now and then."

She never fooled with "the numbers." She knew quite well that almost every one else did, but she had never bothered herself with them. Now she ran over to the shoe-shine stall where Sis's boy-friend worked. "Listen," she whispered sheepishly, "put these few cents on our house number. But please don't tell Sis. I'm in a mighty tight corner. I can trust you can't I?"

The number did not come out.

Poor child. She had figured that two "hits" would net her the eleven for the dress. There was no one who could lend her the money, especially now that she wasn't working. She had forgotten all about the song and how she was going to sing it. The dress loomed above all.

A flashily dressed man eyed her lewdly. "This must be the point where girls go wrong," she thought to herself as she noted his crude appraisal. "I could go mighty wrong right now for that eleven dollars." The full import of her unexpressed thought surprised more than shamed her. She turned her mind into other channels.

Idling around in the waiting rooms of employment agencies irked her, yet she was there the next morning bright and early with the best of them. Oh, she'd take anything.

A "sleep-in" (a room on the job) for a week at seven-fifty? Yes, anything.

Sis was glad to hear of the job; but she had brought home some piece-work from the factory.

"I'll take it with me." Sis wondered at this newly developed energy.

The next morning found her up early. All day long till evening she was washing: washing dishes, washing clothes, washing floors, washing tiles, washing paints. The last of the chores completed, she gulped an aspirin and started on the hand-work for the factory. Midnight found her a pretty tired girl. And so on for a week. When she went off Thursday for the afternoon she spent her leisure cleaning paints in an apartment down the block. But first she had to go down to the factory with the garments. When she got in that night, her head felt as big as a pumpkin.

The next afternoon was Friday and she quit the job. Her eyes were burning, her head ached, her feet were sore, her muscles were stiff and she wondered how long it would take to manicure her hands back into shape. When she walked into the shop and paid the balance down in one cash payment, my! what a good customer! She must come back again. She felt like choking the salesgirl and tearing up the dress. She dragged herself home, chucked the dress in a corner, and got into bed. It seemed to her only a minute later that Sis awakened her. She was finally dressed, and so tired and disgusted with herself she didn't know whether her black velvet was long or short, loose or clinging; and she didn't care.

At the theatre she certainly looked better than anyone else, but she scarcely noticed that. All the torture of the past two weeks, physical and mental, rose before her. As she took her cue and walked onto the stage, she wasn't thinking of how she looked, nor how her dress hung. She just had to confide in someone. She had to tell somebody what a little fool she had been, so she opened her mouth and sang. She didn't sing as she had in the apartment, wondering about the effect; she sang for her own comfort and solace. Her eyes were wide and misty, and her voice was deep and sweet.

As she was presented with the prize, a woman in the wings remarked, "A crow could sing in a dress like that. Some folks get all the breaks." Little that woman knew.

N. A. A. C. P. and the Negro Press

By JOSEPH V. BAKER

THERE is a new question in editorial conferences. One that has never been there before. The question of what stand shall be taken in the treatment of news arising out of this new and untoward discussion of whether Negroes should be segregated and if they are, what shall be done. Although Negro newspaper men grapple with divers problems each week, the one they thought securely settled for all time was that of segregation and the attitude that should be taken toward it. Whenever it has been even hinted that some might turn to the conservative right, one has only had to say, figuratively: "I'll tell the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People on you. They'll take care of you all right." And the matter was closed; the people's case was rested.

That for twenty years Dr. DuBois has been the symbol of the National Association, as far as publicists are concerned, is no secret. It is true that the gentleman James Weldon Johnson was a motivating spirit, and indeed, his real contributions, perhaps, have not yet been fully recognized, but newspaper men everywhere looked to "see what DuBois had to say about it" whenever anxious moments came to pass. There was little room for discussion after THE CRISIS had put its foot down.

Few of them ever dared be impudent enough to divorce what THE CRISIS editorials said from the N.A.A.C.P., for was not THE CRISIS the voice of that organization? Traditionally, therefore, what appeared in the magazine was referred to as the N.A.A.C.P.'s official stand and "thirty" was written after the decision. At least this was one organization whose "policy" did not have to be ascertained every time the personnel of the board changed or a new secretariat assembled.

And now comes the jolt!

Logical as it is—this implication that there might be a difference of opinion between THE CRISIS' editorial columns and N.A.A.C.P.,—it is decidedly disturbing to the Fourth Estate because it bids fair to impair the heretofore invulnerable position which the Association has held in newspaper minds, and makes it necessary, now, to "check up" on everything so as to know which side is talking. That THE CRISIS' editor's opinions on segregation and most other things are the result of much thought and trained approach is a foregone conclusion among editorial writers everywhere, I believe. Few, if any, would question his undisputed position at the head of our men of letters; and more than that, his work for the Association from its infancy until now establishes his regard for the organization. It is not that which disturbs, rather, it is the justification of those facts.

And by justification I mean that while it is very easy for newspaper people to understand how an editor's opinion, just as a columnist's, might not reflect the editorial policy of the journal in which it appears, we have long since learned that John Q. Public does not see it that way. When he reads something he reads it; and the more you try to point out its sanctified position apart from the medium in which it appears, the more he accuses somebody of "passing the buck." Moreover, if it were possible to go into every highway and hedge and give individual dissertations on the difference between personal opinion and editorial policy and point out the remote possibility of divorcing an official organ from the organization it represents, the matter might be solved easily. The N.A.A.C.P., and THE CRISIS may find a way to do this. Newspapers have not.

HEAD OF A CHILD
by Grace Mott Johnson

Like a few other younger newspaper men who have had the chance to write their opinion, I feel that the American Negro needs sorely to be able to speak to the white man in the only terms for which he has respect—organization and power! Despite my dabbling in Race Relations I cannot yet vision white people organizing Negroes toward a position of power against the status quo which is dominated by white everything. I cannot, for example, see white teachers putting that something into Negro children which will inspire in them the militant group spirit needed to produce organization and power. In this, my personal opinion, like some other newspaper men, I lean slightly toward the right; but in the end this power and organization must be carried on the voice of one great organization speaking for millions. All logic points toward N.A.A.C.P. being that voice; and despite personal opinions, *that voice must not speak in sharps and flats;* and always the confidence of its powerful right arm, the Negro Press, must be maintained.

I do not predict an editorial outburst against the obvious division of a bit of N.A.A.C.P. personnel opinion, for I believe that those people who fill editorial chairs still have confidence in the basic policy of the organization; but I am not so certain that this confidence is strong enough to make them stand calmly by and see a great organization sacrificed at the crossroads of argument. I do not think that they will long look with favor upon having to explain to the man who puts his nickel on the stand that despite divided opinions and varying techniques a house may still be fundamentally strong.

Because I believe, however, that N.A.A.C.P., will never give up its definite stand against all forms of discrimination and segregation, I take the liberty here to call upon both John Q. Public and members of our profession not to be stampeded by what might seem a division. A look into the record will show that these implications which momentarily becloud the real objective of the Association are like chaff.

People who matter on newspapers throughout our nation still look to N.A.A.C.P. I believe, as the source of our first-line defense, and I believe that no group can be counted upon to remain more faithful to it as long as fire still spurts from its guns before the United States Supreme Court and in every nook of our land where injustice rears its head.

Saint Ursula and Her Martyred Maidens

By LIONEL B. FRASER

A DISPATCH from St. Croix dated March 8, 1934, stated that Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt "went ashore . . . at the place where Christopher Columbus is reputed to have landed after his first crossing the Atlantic." The story is told that on this occasion Columbus, sighting so many islands and islets, was at a loss to find suitable and sufficient names, and in despair he named the entire group, "The Virgin Islands after Saint Ursula and her martyred maidens."

Since the discovery of the islands by Columbus, the flags of many nations—Spanish, British, Dutch, Danish, and now the Stars and Stripes—have flown over them. It is interesting to note that prior to the purchase of the islands in 1917 the government of the United States made several unsuccessful attempts to acquire them; and that with each new attempt there was an increase in price. The $25,000,000 which the United States paid for the islands was five times as much as was offered at first, and 147 times as much *per acre* as was paid for the Alaska Purchase. In 1865 and 1867 Secretary Seward offered $5,000,000 and $7,500,000 respectively for the islands. In the first instance Napoleon III refused to consent to the transfer of the island of St. Croix. In the second instance, Charles Sumner, then chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee and opponent of President Andrew Johnson opposed the purchase because "he feared the purchase of the Danish West Indies, following the Alaska Purchase, would bring too great popular favor to the administration." A third attempt was made in 1901. The failure to acquire the islands at this time, it is reputed, was due to the intervention of Germany. Finally, at her entrance into the World War, the United States successfully completed negotiation for the purchase of the islands, St. Croix, St. Thomas and St. John, from Denmark. This was at an average price of $295 per acre. Alaska was purchased at a cost of two cents per acre, and the Philippines cost us about twenty-seven cents per acre.

One of the questions continually asked is, "Are the islands worth this exorbitant price?" The answer depends upon the point of view. Several years ago, former President Hoover declared that the United States had bought a veritable "poorhouse." A student of naval tactics answers this same question as follows: "We have at least the value of twenty-five millions in these offensive times in keeping any foreign power from getting a foothold there. We have bought the finest site strategically, logically and tactically for a first class naval base on the Atlantic seaboard."

The Virgin Islands in spite of their European ownership, have ever been closely associated with the history and development of the United States. During the colonial period the islands purchased staves and hogheads and sundry merchandise from the New England States, shipping in return *muscovado*, unrefined sugar, and the famous "St. Croix Old Rum." Alexander Hamilton, aide-de-camp to George Washington and first Secretary of the Treasury, spent his early boyhood as a clerk in St. Croix. St. Thomas for centuries was considered the most important emporium and re-shipping point in the West Indies for European goods consigned to the Americas, and vice versa. The large cities on the eastern coastline have always been havens for those wishing to emigrate from the islands.

The Virgin Islands until very recently have been victims of a false political economy. This political economy has as its basis some of the outworn tenets of a slave economy. This was not so much the making of the Danish government as of those who controlled the economic destiny of the islands. Instead of the home government taking tribute from the islands, it dumped into the treasuries of the islands hundreds of thousands of dollars yearly in order to keep the vital governmental functions at a relatively high level. In doing this, it is my belief, it seriously erred. Those in control of the industries and businesses were unwittingly encouraged to shirk the fundamental obligation of citizenship—that of helping, through adequate and justifiable taxation, to defray the necessary and legitimate cost of governmental activities. An antiquated and inadequate system of taxation prevailed. Those who were making the laws and could change the system, were the owners or proprietors of the industries and the captains of business. As a result the home government became more and more paternalistic. This developed financial and economic problems which the inhabitants were unable to solve. I presume that Governor Pearson had this unhealthy situation in mind when he wrote:

"We cannot return to the old capitalistic system which crashed in 1929. What is true in continental United States is true in the Virgin Islands. We cannot return to earlier conditions. The Virgin Islands cannot live on their past, nor can the islanders *long depend on outside help*. (Italics mine). We are under compelling necessity of working out our own problems in the new year."

Because of their limited resources, the Virgin Islands have suffered acutely from the economic and industrial depression. The present national administration and friends on the mainland interested in the improvement of humanity, are taking an unusually sympathetic attitude toward the islands. According to Governor Pearson the national administration has allotted nearly a million dollars to be spent on the following projects:

Stock subscription for a new bank	$125,000
Hotel	90,000
Housing projects	45,000
Leper colony	25,000
Sanitation in the three islands	100,000

It is my conviction that those who can do much for the improvement of the islands are beginning to understand the peculiarity of the problems as exist down there. It is my sincerest hope that this same understanding, this same emphasis upon human worth will diffuse itself among the natives of every class, and come to prevail over all others. With the Governor and the inhabitants having the same common understanding and plan of approach, they—the Governor and the Virgin Islanders—ought to be able to save the islands from an era of economic ruin and false political economy.

The islands stand at the crossroad between two great continents. There the civilization of the Old World meets that of the New. Within the last generation or so, men have become confused; unable to select the usable of the Old and blend it with the good of the New. People do not seem to know what they want, and as invariably happens in such cases, they tend to accuse each other of compromising situations. If Governor Pearson and the recently appointed Advisory Committee can rid the inhabitants of their uncertainty and groping, if they can help them to get some foresight of an end or ideal, and if the inhabitants can be inspired to pursue the ideal with intelligence and balance, they will come to put first things first, and will be able to see the tenets of the New Deal in their true perspectives. If the Governor and the Committee can aid the islanders to do this herculean task, they will live "happily ever after," and I have no doubt that Saint Ursula and her Martyred Maidens will bestow their blessings on these gentlemen forever and ever.

On to Asbury Park!

Annual New Jersey State Conference of N. A. A. C. P. Plans Great Meeting

By GEORGE STREATOR

THE idea of a state conference of N.A.A.C.P. branches appeals to me on several grounds. Here first, is an opportunity for extending the means through which colored people are able to learn the art of meeting together to transact business. With the general decline of the fraternal organizations through the growth of insurance monopolies and frequently some much needed corrective legislation, the passing of the great church conventions which operated in the past on democratic lines, and the tendency among colored people as among all other people in America to intrust all of their affairs, even the power over life and death, to increasingly small committees, boards and cliques, has dealt almost a death blow to the few outlets that Black America has had for the development of mass initiative, mass organization, and mass pressure under democratic control.

The tendency to leave things to small groups, constantly growing smaller as the Mussolini type of running things gets more and more popular, has so taken hold of the Negro that like all other Americans, he is content to *appoint a committee*. The committee leaves it to the chairman, and autocratic rule is the consequence.

There is still another reason why I like the idea of State Federations of N.A.A.C.P. branches. In spite of the fact that there is always imminent danger that decentralized local units are liable to capture by cliques, bunds, and blocs which have a local political interest to serve, and in spite of the fact that the creation of more offices in an organization means frequently the enlarging of the opportunities for exploitation by demagogues, charlatans, and men who live by staying in the public eye, I nevertheless put myself as being squarely on record in favor of more democracy, more local control, and wider participation by an ever-growing number of people in the affairs of any and every organization.

With the N.A.A.C.P., I see today the great need of widening the field and defending the trenches against the common enemy. But for every new corps area set up, there must be a widening of local autonomy. I believe in the possibilities of developing an *esprit de corps*, an organization loyalty, a devotion by the rank and file that will remove any cause for fear on the part of national officers that the strong local unit will become the colt that rules the stable. When I was living in the West and South, I learned that an inherent weakness in the N.A.A.C.P. was its slowness to make elastic the strong central control necessary for its life and perpetuation twenty-five years ago. No other means of extending the work is possible, and even that means is going to be attended with difficulties of working out new techniques and new approaches. It is no longer a question of being "too radical" for even the Southern people. Except in the most benighted regions, it is a question of being too slow to get into action.

New Jersey State Conference

I THINK the New Jersey State Conference has infinite possibilities, both as an experimental field, and from the point of view of accomplishments. It has been tremendously handicapped by lack of a scheme of finances that will actually yield finances, and by the difficulties of effecting straightway a State program with only volunteer workers to perfect machinery. There is also the difficulty of not having been able to decide whether the State Conference is to be a coordinating group with some measure of authority over local branches, or simply a round table body to discuss the common problems of New Jersey people. Both things are needed, but with the growing complexities of the problems confronting New Jersey colored people, something must be done to arrest the tendency of the branches to disintegrate for lack of a cohesive program.

Officers of the State Conference list the following things as their accomplishments: (1) The defeat of Senator Beard. (2) The indictment and dismissal of State troopers who mistreated colored folk. (3) The passage of a bill which prohibits racial discrimination on public works. (4) The defeat of a bill which would have abolished Negro fraternal orders having same or similar names carried by white orders. (5) The exposure of New Jersey towns which refused to give Negro citizens relief work or wages.

This, they say, has been possible only because a State Conference could effect measures which would be otherwise neglected through the non-existence of a local branch, or of interested and free-to-act parties in many local situations. The evils corrected might otherwise never have secured the attention of the National Office. I think that the State officers are largely correct in this analysis.

New Jersey might be divided in three districts according to the type of public schools now in existence. There is the southern fringe with a dual system of schools. There is the middle section with a single school system and practically no Negro teachers. There is the section about Jersey City which is a step toward the ideal situation, with no separate schools and a scattering of colored teachers; not too many—indeed not enough—but a beginning. And of course, there is the problem of jobs, not only now, but always. What are the Negro high school graduates going to do? In Plainfield, of the eight who graduated last June, one went to Newark Normal, one went to Howard, one took beauty culture, and the other five, they say in Plainfield, "are drifting." There is insufficient stimulus, in Plainfield, the serious-minded say. Except for its quota of doctors, and preachers, the colored high school graduate does not see enough of his elders in other pursuits. But Plainfield is a symbol, if this is true; not an exception.

THE State Conference will meet in Asbury Park, May 12 and 13. The Governor of the State has been invited. Representatives from the National Office and THE CRISIS will go over. A strong committee headed by Mr. Paul Prayer and Dr. Clement de Freitas has been set in operation. The major theme of the meeting will be the Economic Status of Negroes in New Jersey. 208,000 colored people are affected. (125,000 of them are eligible to vote, but not all of them do so.) On to Asbury Park; good things are in store there!

What is being done to stimulate the children? The third annual oratorical contest will be held in Rutherford in the latter part of May. I heard the president of the N.A.A.C.P. branch there say that Rutherford is a wide awake and active town, but the conventions all go to Newark. The State Conference decided to put the Third Annual Oratorical Contest in Rutherford. Other places wanted it, but Rutherford demanded it, and got it! Dr.. de Freitas believes in the power of speech, and eleven or twelve contestants can talk enough for the nation, but Rutherford is going to give the young people a great time, and the audience a great performance. After the Conference, on to Rutherford! We look to the young folk at Rutherford if the older folk at Asbury Park fail to show us the way out.

William Monroe Trotter

MONROE TROTTER was a man of heroic proportions, and probably one of the most selfless of Negro leaders during all our American history. His father was Recorder of Deeds for the District of Columbia, at the time when Recorders were paid by fees; and as a result, he retired from office with a small fortune, which he husbanded carefully. Thus, his son was born in comfortable circumstances, and with his talent for business, and his wide acquaintanceship with the best class of young Massachusetts men in his day, might easily have accumulated wealth.

But he turned aside. He had in his soul all that went to make a fanatic, a knight errant. Ready to sacrifice himself, fearing nobody and nothing, strong in body, sturdy in conviction, full of unbending belief.

I remember when I first saw him as a student at Harvard. He was several classes below me. I should liked to have known him and spoken to him, but he was curiously aloof. He was even then forming his philosophy of life. Colored students must not herd together, just because they were colored. He had his white friends and companions, and they liked him. He was no hanger-on, but a leader among them. But he did not seek other colored students as companions. I was a bit lonesome in those days, but I saw his point, and I did not seek him.

Out of this rose his life-long philosophy: Intense hatred of all racial discrimination and segregation. He was particularly incensed at the compromising philosophy of Booker T. Washington; at his industrialism, and his condoning of the deeds of the South.

In the first years of the 20th Century, with George Forbes, Monroe Trotter began the publication of *The Guardian*. Several times young men have started radical sheets among us, like *The Messenger*, and others. But nothing, I think, that for sheer biting invective and unswerving courage, ever quite equaled the *Boston Guardian* in its earlier days. Mr. Washington and his followers literally shrivelled before it, and it was, of course, often as unfair as it was inspired.

I had come to know Trotter, then, especially because I knew Deenie Pindell as a girl before they were married. We were to stop with them one summer. Mrs. Du Bois was already there when I arrived in Boston, and on the elevated platform, I learned of the Zion Church riot. It was called a riot in the newspapers, and they were full of it. As a matter of fact, Trotter and Forbes had tried to ask Booker T. Washington certain pointed questions, after a speech which he made in the colored church; and immediately he was arrested, according to the careful plans which William L. Lewis, Washington's attorney, had laid. I was incensed at Trotter. I thought that he had been needlessly violent, and had compromised me as his guest; but when I learned the exact facts, and how little cause for riot there was, and when they clapped Trotter in the Charles Street Jail, all of us more conservative, younger men rose in revolt.

Out of this incident, within a year or two, arose the Niagara movement, and Trotter was present.

But Trotter was not an organization man. He was a free lance; too intense and sturdy to loan himself to that compromise which is the basis of all real organization. Trouble arose in the Niagara movement, and afterward when the Niagara movement joined the new N.A.A.C.P., Trotter stood out in revolt, and curiously enough, did not join the new organization because of his suspicion of the white elements who were co-operating with us.

He devoted himself to *The Guardian*, and it became one of the first of the nation-wide colored weeklies. His wife worked with him in utter devotion; giving up all thought of children; giving up her pretty home in Roxbury; living and lunching with him in the *Guardian Office*, and knowing hunger and cold. It was a magnificent partnership, and she died to pay for it.

The Trotter philosophy was carried out remorselessly in his paper, and his philosophy. He stood unflinchingly for fighting separation and discrimination in church and school, and in professional and business life. He would not allow a colored Y. M. C. A. in Boston, and he hated to recognize colored churches, or colored colleges. On this battle line he fought a long, exhausting fight for over a quarter of a century. What has been the result? There are fewer Negroes in Boston churches today than when Trotter began a crusade, and colored people sat in the pews under Phillips Brooks' preaching. There may be more colored teachers in the schools, but certainly they are playing no such part as Maria Baldwin did, as principal of the best Cambridge Grammar School.

When Trotter began, not a single hotel in Boston dared to refuse colored guests. Today, there are few Boston hotels where colored people are received. There is still no colored Y. M. C. A., but on the other hand, there are practically no colored members of the white "Y," and young colored men are deprived of club house and recreational facilities which they sorely need. In the professions, in general employment, and in business, there is certainly not less, and probably more discrimination than there used to be.

Does this mean that Monroe Trotter's life was a failure? Never. He lived up to his belief to the best of his ability. He fought like a man. The ultimate object of his fighting was absolutely right, but he miscalculated the opposition. He thought that Boston and America would yield to clear reason and determined agitation. They did not. On the contrary, to some extent, the very agitation carried on in these years has solidified opposition. This does not mean that agitation does not pay; but it means that you cannot necessarily cash in quickly upon it. It means that sacrifice, even to blood and tears, must be given to this great fight; and not one but a thousand lives, like that of Monroe Trotter, is necessary to victory.

More than that, inner organization is demanded. The free lance like Trotter is not strong enough. The mailed fist has got to be clenched. The united effort of twelve millions has got to be made to mean more than the individual effort of those who think aright. Yet this very inner organization involves segregation. It involves voluntary racial organization, and this racial grouping invites further effort at enforced segregation by law and custom from without. Nevertheless, there is no alternative. We have got to unite to save ourselves, and while the unbending devotion to principle, such as Monroe Trotter shows, has and must ever have, its value, with sorrow, and yet with conviction, we know that this is not enough.

I can understand his death. I can see a man of sixty, tired and disappointed, facing poverty and defeat. Standing amid indifferent friends and triumphant enemies. So he went to the window of his Dark Tower, and beckoned to Death; up from where She lay among the lilies. And Death, like a whirlwind, swept up to him. I shall think of him as lying silent, cold and still; at last at peace, dreamless and serene. Let no trump of doom disturb him from his perfect and eternal rest.

—W. E. B. D.

ALONG THE COLOR LINE

AMERICA

Matthew A. Henson

Matthew A Henson, of New York, is the only living person who can boast of having set foot on the North Pole, when on April 6, the twenty-fifth anniversary of Rear-Admiral Robert E. Peary's successful Arctic dash was observed. Henson, now 67 years old, and called "valuable" by his chief, was a guest at the Anniversary Banquet given at the Explorers Club, and there he praised Peary for bravery and courage and his great "endowments." Incidentally, although many bills have been introduced in Congress to secure for Henson a Congressional medal for his exploration and achievements in the frozen North, he is without the official recognition of his country.

A New Deal Appointment

Dr. W. J. Tompkins of Kansas City, Missouri, has been appointed Recorder of Deeds for the District of Columbia. This position is one of the two formerly awarded faithful Negro supporters of the administration. The other, Registrar of the Treasury, no longer is awarded colored men.

Postmasters in the Past

A reader of THE CRISIS writes to correct a statement regarding colored men who have held appointments as heads of first-class postoffices. According to our correspondent, three colored men have held such appointments. James Monroe Trotter, a Civil War veteran and father of William Monroe Trotter served as Postmaster at Cambridge, Mass., for several years, resigning upon accepting appointment by President Grover Cleveland to be Recorder of Deeds of the District of Columbia. He was succeeded in the place by Rev. William H. Thomas, soldier and author, who retired and is now residing at Columbus, Ohio. The present Chicago Alderman, Major R. R. Jackson, served as Superintendent at Armour Station, Chicago, and upon reaching the age of retirement, resigned. Subsequently, he was elected to the Illinois General Assembly (1912) and served several terms until elected to succeed Oscar DePriest as alderman from the Third Ward.

War—War—War

The New York conference against war has been organized at the call of 100 outstanding liberals including Edmund Chaffee, Mary Fox, John Haynes Holmes, Harry W. Laidler, J. B. Matthews, Kenneth Meiklejohn, Reinhold Niebuhr, William Pickens, John Nevin Sayre, Norman Thomas and Oswald Garrison Villard. The conference has said: "Today the world is threatened with war. Imperialist ambitions, increased economic tension and strain within nations as well as between nations; the recrudescence of race hatreds; the glutting of world markets as the peoples starve; the increase in military preparedness in all countries—bring ever nearer the danger of war."

Retired

Mrs. Nellie Allen White, for twenty-five years Alumni Recorder at Fisk University, has retired. Mrs. White, like her very dear friend Mrs. Minnie L. Crosthwaite, is known to all Fisk men and women.

Winner Again

For the second successive year, Alice Owens of Los Angeles, California, has won a prize in the annual Art Contest of Creative Doll Design conducted by the Museum of Art.

Jourdain Re-elected

In 1932 Edward B. Jourdain, Jr., Harvard graduate, was ousted from the Evanston, Illinois, city council. He was swept back in office by enlightened public opinion. This month he was re-elected to office. In 1932 the Evanston *Review* said: "My opinion of Alderman Jourdain from the outset has been that he was ousted from the council, not because of his color, but because he was quite too well educated, too superior, too intelligent, and too much the gentleman. He contributed nothing to the superiority complex of his confreres."

Blind Thirty Years; Sees

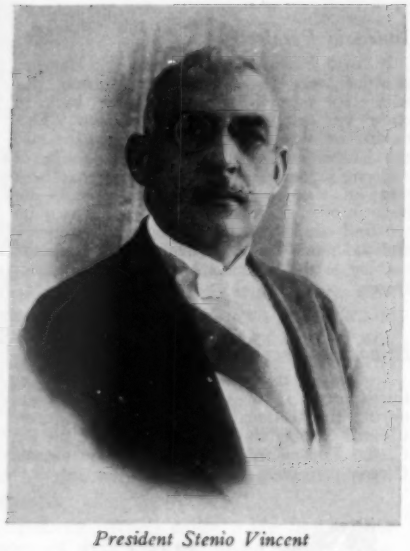
George Owens, age 103, had been blind for thirty years. He was operated on for cataract during the sessions of the John A. Andrew Clinical Society at Tuskegee Institute by Dr. C. L. Forney of Chicago. Today George Owens can see.

MISTER JAMES CROW

Counted Out

Dr. Harry H. Walker is a colored physician in Nashville, Tenn. His character and ability are unimpeachable. Dr. Walker decided to run for the City Council. He received 214 votes, a clear majority over his two white opponents, who received 97 and 92 votes respectively. When the judges discovered that Dr. Walker had won, the ballot box suddenly disappeared. Unable to "count out" Dr. Walker in the usual manner, W. M. Carr, chairman of the Davidson County election committee, ruled that there "had been no election." Thus white supremacy was maintained. In past years, Henry Allen Boyd and William H. McGavock were "counted out" in similar manner. The last colored councilman in Nashville was S. P. Harris. He represented the old Third Ward nearly twenty years ago.

A Part of the 400 Guests at the 25th Anniversary Dinner of the N. A. A. C. P.



President Stenio Vincent

No Blacks for Honduras

The banana and cocoanut country of Honduras has a population of approximately 700,000 people: Spaniards, Indians, Negroes, Mestizos, and Mulattoes. Recent legislation bars from the country Gypsies, Chinese of the coolie class, and Negroes.

A Free World's Fair

The Illinois House of Representatives passed the Jenkins-Gaines-Warfield bill prohibiting rural discrimination by concessionaires at the world's fair. The bill calls for a legislative commission of five members who are supposed to investigate complaints.

EDUCATION

Postgraduate Medical Clinic

The fourth annual Saint Philip Hospital Postgraduate Clinic for Negro physicians will be held under the auspices of the Medical College of Virginia, Richmond, Virginia, from June 18 to June 30, 1934. During the period of the clinic intensive instruction will be given in the fields of medicine, pediatrics, obstetrics, surgery, as related to general medical practice. There will be lectures, demonstrations of cases, participation in ward rounds and in the outpatient department. There will also be special lectures and clinical pathological conferences and round table discussions. The teachers will come chiefly from the faculty of the school of medicine of the Medical College of Virginia. Dr. W. S. Quinland of Meharry Medical College will give lectures and demonstrations.

The major part of this work is given at the Saint Philip Hospital, a large modern institution for Negro patients, maintained as one of the units of the hospital division of the Medical College of Virginia. Physicians will be admitted from neighboring states.

Charlotte Hawkins Brown

Palmer Memorial Institute, Sedalia, N. C., has withdrawn from the American Missionary Association. This school, founded and still presided over by Mrs. Charlotte Hawkins Brown, has a beautiful campus and many excellent buildings.

Summer Schools

Atlanta University, in conjunction with other local institutions; Hampton, Fisk, Lincoln, and the Agricultural and Technical College, Greensboro, will conduct summer schools this year.

Physicians and Surgeons

The John A. Andrew Clinical Society held its twenty-third annual clinic and its seventeenth annual meeting at the Andrew Memorial Hospital of Tuskegee Institute. Sessions were held from April 8th to 14th inclusive.

The Eighth Commandment

The Detroit Civic Rights Committee has issued thirteen commandments to Negroes of Detroit. The eighth one enjoins them to read THE CRISIS, *Opportunity, Journal of Negro History* and the *Journal of Negro Education.*

"The Ebony Pen"

Students of Virginia Union University have launched a monthly literary publication, "The Ebony Pen."

THE DARK WORLD

President of Haiti

Stenio Vincent has come to the United States in the interest of the recall of the American Marines. M. Vincent has been reluctant to talk to the Negro press on controversial matters. It is understood that President Vincent has been unsuccessful in his efforts to obtain a loan from New York bankers which would enable him to meet the conditions set down by the United States for the withdrawing of the Marines. M. Vincent hopes to persuade the New Deal to grant a new deal to Haiti.

Puerto Rico

When Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt visited Puerto Rico, America's colored Spanish colony in the West Indies, she found more than 125,000 families asking for relief. Puerto Rico has been torn by strife for many years. Sixty per cent of the land is held by absentee owners. Most of the land is cultivated in sugar-cane.

Baseball in Puerto Rico

A Colored American team, Remarez's "stars" ("Estrallas de Ramarez") won the Puerto Rican "El Mundo's Trophy" for their spectacular play during the past season.

Philippines

During the thirty-six years that the United States has governed the Philippine Islands, a total of $493,000,000 has been expended. Of this total, $485,000,000 was for military purposes, $5,000,000 for a coast and geodetic survey, leaving a paltry $3,000,000 for all civil needs.

A Native Eucharistic Congress

One hundred fourteen missionaries and 16,000 Natives attended a Eucharistic Congress during last August at Kisantu, the Jesuit headquarters in the Congo.

No Arms for Kenya

The manufacture and possession of spears, bows, arrows, knives, guns, and swords are forbidden to the natives of Kenya colony, Kimbu Native Reserves.

Awarded Peabody Peace Medal

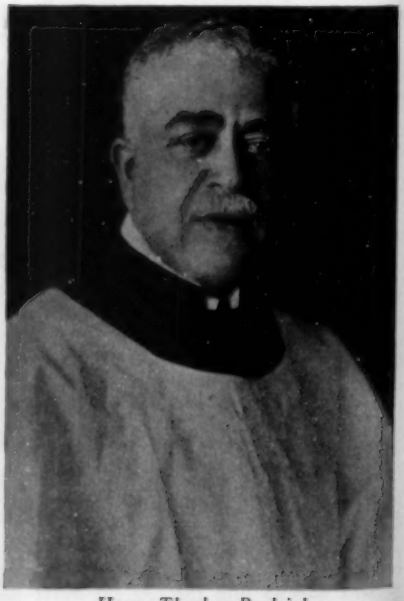
A. Mosuto, a student at the St. Joseph's Training Institution, Morija, Africa, has been awarded the Peabody Peace Medal for the best essay on "Why should the Basuto desire that the other nations of the world remain at peace?" During 1933 Mr. Bull, Director of the Lerotholi Technical Institute, Maseru, visited America and was offered the medal for competition amongst students of the Basutoland Institutions.

Native Rule

By an agreement signed in October between the Uganda Government and the native Government of Bunyoro, the Mukama was recognized as the native ruler of that country, provided that he and his subjects co-operated loyally with the Governor in all administrative matters. Provision was made for the constitution and functions of a Rukurato (native council) and for the regulation of native finances. The respective rights of the Bunyoro and the Protectorate regarding land, forests, minerals, fishing, and game were defined. The Governor promised to consult the Bunyoro before any legislative change in land tenure was made.

Tshekedi Costs $20,000

The British Government spent 4,000 pounds ($20,000) to provide 200 British soldiers and field artillery for the great bluff game against



Harry Thacker Burleigh

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL
by Romare Bearden

Lillian and Clarice Taylor, daughters of Dr. and Mrs. R. B. Taylor, Okmulgee, Oklahoma

Chief Tshekedi, who ordered the flogging of a white Englishman named McIntosh. (This case was dwelt upon in detail in the December, 1933 CRISIS.)

African Doctors for Africans

The Vice-chancellor of Capetown University has unburdened himself in a startling fashion: "We have heard the old parrot cry often that there is an overproduction of medical men by the universities. Actually the students who qualify are not sufficient to cover the annual wastage due to death or retirement. At present there is one doctor to every 4,000 Europeans. In towns like Johannesburg there is one doctor to every 1,500 citizens, but in the country the doctors are all too few. *In the Native territories one doctor to* 50,000 *Natives is a scandal.*"

Mussolini Sees Black

Benito Mussolini has discovered something new in America's birth rate. 12,000,000 American Negroes are out-breeding 120,000,000 white people. He predicts a colored president within a hundred years. Premier Mussolini is credited with halting the marriage of the Abyssinian prince with the Japanese princess.

MUSIC, ART, AND THE DRAMA

Harry Burleigh—Forty Years

Harry Thacker Burleigh sang "The Palms" in St. Georges Protestant Episcopal Church, New York, for the fortieth time, Palm Sunday. Forty years ago this May, Mr. Burleigh was selected as baritone soloist at St. Georges in competition with fifty-nine other applicants. The story goes that if he had failed, he would have joined the Williams & Walker Minstrels. For many years, Mr. Burleigh was a student of Anton Dvorak.

Brain Sweat

John Charles Brownell has written a play, "Brain Sweat", of Southern Negro life which has come to Broadway. The cast includes, Rose McClendon, A. B. Comathiere, Pearl Wright and Barrington Guy.

Stevedore

The Civic Repertoire Society of New York, is producing a play of the New Orleans docks. The cast includes, Susie Sutton, Jack Carter, Leigh Whipper and Georgette Harvey.

Mwalimu Festival Chorus

The Mwalimu Festival Chorus appeared in a recital at Steinway Hall, New York. The program included songs in Yoruba dialect—a language of West Africa. The chorus was conducted by Manet Harrison Fowler.

African Program

Max Yergan, Tolakele Caluza, Ernest Kalibala, Mabel Carney and others participated in a program of African art, music, speech, and dance, at International House, New York.

Nancy Cunard Writes a Book

850 9½ x 12 beautifully bound and expensively printed pages make Nancy Cunard's contribution to the Negro problem worthy of comment. Among those who contributed articles, poems or stories are: Arthur Schomburg, William Pickens, Countee Cullen, Alain Locke, Langston Hughes, Walter White, W. E. B. DuBois, Theodore Dreiser, and E. Franklin Frazier. Among those who did not contribute are Jean Toomer, Claude McKay, James Weldon Johnson, Eric Waldrond and Abram Harris. Nancy Cunard herself, takes a position as art, literary and sociological critic of Negroes in America. Having discovered the Negro problem overnight, she tells the world about it in a hurry. The book is privately printed in London. The cost is approximately $14.00. THE CRISIS hopes to be able to purchase a copy for a more extended review later.

Choir Members

Ercelle Dandridge and Marian Patton, Negro students at Washburn College, Kansas, are members of the a capella choir.

Roy W. Tibbs

The closing concert of the Howard School of Music series featured Professor Roy Tibbs as soloist with the National Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Tibbs played the Liszt concerto in E Flat for piano and orchestra.

WORK, WASTE AND WEALTH

"Subnormal Negro and Subnormal Code"

J. F. Ames of Montgomery, Alabama, employs several hundred Negro workers. He recently had issued by the Selma, Alabama Chamber of Congress, a pamphlet advocating a thirty per cent racial differential for colored workers on the grounds that Negroes are subnormal in working ability, and of course, can live more cheaply than white workers in the same industry and in the same town.

Subsistence Homesteads

The four subsistence homesteads projects comprising 165 homesteads will be undertaken in Dayton, Ohio. One project for twenty-five homesteads costing $50,000 will be principally for Negroes.

Colored Policemen

Half the police force of Burkesville, Kentucky, is colored. There are only two policemen in the town. William Baker is the colored half of the law enforcement agency.

Negro Clerks

An organization known as the Veterans of the Depression has succeeded in acquiring three jobs for colored clerks in Woolworth's 5 & 10 cent stores in Columbus, Ohio.

Repairs Steam Hose

Ben Parker, train porter on the Missouri-Pacific Railroad, repaired a broken steam hose

Main Reading Room, New Atlanta University Library

A Child of Tasmania

in December, 1932. His act saved the company $10,000 and prevented a delay in service. Recently, the railroad awarded Mr. Parker $1500.00 for this feat.

White Girls Must Work

Forty-five colored girls employed at the Miller & Rhodes Department store in Richmond, Virginia, have been discharged to make room for white girls who "come out of high school with nothing to do." There had been much criticism directed at the store by white patrons who objected to seeing the colored girls at work.

N.A.A.C.P.

Annual Conference

The 25th Annual Conference of the N.A.A.C.P. will be held in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, June 27–July 1 inclusive. The Oklahoma City Branch, of which W. E. McMurray is President, will be host, assisted by the State Conference of Branches, of which Roscoe Dunjee is President.

Oratorical Contest

As this issue goes to press, the N.A.A.C.P. branches in the Metropolitan district of New York City are holding their final oratorical contest at St. Marks M. E. Church. Speakers representing the Staten Island, Jamaica, Brooklyn, New Rochelle, Mt. Vernon and New York branches are competing for gold, silver and bronze medals. The winning branch will receive a silver loving cup. Names of contestants and winners will appear in the June CRISIS.

A Governor Speaks

The minimum program of social justice which any government should guarantee all its people, without regard to race, creed or color, should include free and equal education, freedom to work, equality before the law, equal protection of life and property by the law, and free use of the ballot, declared Governor Herbert H. Lehman in his address March 18 at the 25th Anniversary Dinner of the N.A.A.C.P. in New York City at the International House on Riverside Drive. More than 400 guests of both races were in the audience.

Essay Contest

Six cash prizes totaling $100 will be awarded winners in the nation-wide college and high school student essay contest by the N.A.A.C.P. All essays must be in the National Office of the N.A.A.C.P., 69 Fifth Avenue, New York, not later than May 15, 1934.

For undergraduates in college, the suggested topics for the essay are (a) The Struggle Against Segregation; (b) The Fight for the Right to Vote; (c) Does the White or the Negro College Prepare the Young Negro Better for Life; (d) An Ideal Program for the N.A.A.C.P.; (e) The Goal of the Young Negro. Any similar subject may be selected by contestants.

For the high school students, the suggested topics are (a) The Story of the Philadelphia Branch; (b) The Detroit Branch and the Sweet Case; (c) The Birmingham Branch and the Peterson Case; (d) The Cleveland Branch and School Segregation; (e) The Work of the Los Angeles Branch. Contestants may select, also, the work of any branch of the N.A.A.C.P. with which they are familiar or about which they can secure information. No essay should contain less than 1,000 words, or more than 2,000 words.

The prizes for the college essays will be, first, $25; second, $15; third, $10; and three prizes for honorable mention. The prizes in the high school division will be the same. There will be an extra honor prize of $15 to go to any prize winner in addition to the regular prize, according to the selection of a special list of judges. Donors of the college essay prizes are, first, Mrs. Amy E. Spingarn; second, Mrs. Dorothy Canfield Fisher; third, Robert L. Vann. Donors of the high school prizes are, first, Richard B. Harrison; second, Mrs. Sadie Warren Davis; third, James Weldon Johnson. The extra honor prize will be contributed by Southern white friends of the Association.

25th Anniversary Fund

Further contributors to the 25th anniversary Penny-A-Head fund: *Alabama:* Birmingham branch $96.44; Trinity school, Athens, $3.83; Alpha Kappa Alpha sorority, Talladega, $1.25; Myrtle W. Knight, Ft. Davis, $1; Oakwood Junior College, Huntsville, $2.66. *Arizona:* Yuma branch, $7.85. *Arkansas:* Little Rock branch, $4.10. *California:* Red Cap Porters, Southern Pacific company, Oakland, $7; Alpha Delta chapter, Alpha Phi Alpha fraternity, Los Angeles, $1.87; Mrs. Sarah I. Metcalf, Los Angeles, $1; Occidental Lodge No. 2484, G.U.O.O.F., Oakland, $1.05; Louisiana State club, Venice, $2. *Colorado:* M. W. Prince Hall Grand Lodge F. and A.M., Denver, $3.60. *Connecticut:* Hartford branch, $14.07. *Florida:* King Edward Lodge No. 114, K. of P., West Palm Beach, $1; Charles Sumner Lodge No. 24, K. of P., Tallahassee, $1.60; J. D. Sumlin, Waldo, $1.02; Daytona Beach campaign, $35.54; Peninsula City Lodge, No. 503, Elks, Daytona Beach, $2; James Johnson Lodge No. 123, K. of P., Jacksonville, $1; Beta Alpha chapter, A.K.A. sorority, Tallahassee, $25; Florida A. and M. College, Tallahassee, $25; Silver Leaf Charity club, Daytona Beach, $2. *Georgia:* H. and I. School, Waynesboro, $5; 24th Infantry, Ft. Benning, $18.38; Atlanta University, Atlanta, $2.12; First Congregational Sunday school, Atlanta, $5. *Territory of Hawaii:* John Jefferson, Honolulu, $6.10. *Illinois:* Chicago Lodge No. 5, K. of P., Chicago, $2. Gate City Lodge No. 21, K. of P., Cairo, $1.41; Arnett Lodge No. 7455, G.U.O.O.F., Chicago, $2; Rockford branch, $11; Western Star Lodge No. 1443, G.U.O.O.F., Chicago, $2.50; Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Smith, Waukegan, $1.01; Mt. Hebron Lodge No. 29, F. and A.M., Chicago, $1.22. *Indiana:* French Lick branch, $10.30; Twilight Social and Civic Welfare club, West Baden, $1; Logansport junior branch, $20; Marion junior branch, $1.09; Zeta Phi chapter, Omega Psi Phi fraternity, Indianapolis, $1; Alpha Mu Omega chapter, A.K.A. sorority, Indianapolis, $.25; Music Advancers, Lafayette, $1.50; Southern Cross Lodge No. 39, F. and A.M., Indianapolis, $1; Alpha Eta Omega chapter, A.K.A., Terre Haute, $1; Mrs. Francis O. Morgan, Indianapolis, $.50; Avondale club, Gary, $32. This list covers February 10 to March 15 inclusive in the states mentioned.

Women of Lagos, Africa, waiting to pay their respects to Prince Falolu on his return from the Capping Ceremony which marked his induction as the head of the House of Dosuma. (*Photograph by M. A. Ogun, Lagos*)

Grand Jury Adjourns

Laurens County Fails to Indict Dendy Lynchers

By HELEN BOARDMAN

AFTER the lynching of Norris Dendy on the Fourth of July, 1933, two detectives came to Clinton, South Carolina. Within an hour of their arrival the interested citizens knew that they were the state investigators from Columbia who were working on the Dendy lynching case. Not a move they made went unnoticed and unreported. Persons whom they interviewed knew well that no privacy attended their utterances; and when such persons were colored, no overt threat was needed to make them guard their words with the utmost discretion. After the investigators had made their report, Governor Blackwood stated his belief that Norris Dendy had been murdered (not *lynched*) by persons unknown; and added that the state would endeavor to find and prosecute the criminals.

In South Carolina, there is a law by which the family of a man who is lynched is entitled to damages of not less than $2,000. A lynching is death caused by violence committed by an unlawful assembly. When a prisoner in custody is seized through the neglect or connivance of an officer by an unlawful assembly, the officer shall be deposed from office and shall henceforth be ineligible for office unless pardoned. For murder, of course, there is no compensation.

After the two detectives, Richardson and Newman, returned to Columbia, nothing furthed happened. It is likely that the case would have been dropped had it not been for the determination and perseverance of the brother of the lynched man, Mr. Robert Dendy of New York. Mr. Dendy went to Clinton and endeavored to learn the facts and to arouse interest among the better class white people. He finally obtained an audience for himself and his mother with Governor Blackwood at Columbia which resulted in further gestures on the part of the state investigators. Seeing that this line was accomplishing nothing, he returned to New York. There, after some delay, his attorney, William T. Andrews, obtained an investigator through the N.A.A.C.P. who went to South Carolina in September.

The report of this investigator was too voluminous for publication. It included accounts by eye-witnesses of the events at the jail, with the names of many of the participants. One of the leading white citizens stated as a matter of common knowledge that most, if not all, of the police force took part in the lynching. The same person said he had gone to the jail immediately after the lynching and examined the lock on the door of the cell which had been occupied by Norris Denby. He found no sign of the lock having been forced or changed—"it was the same lock that had been there for years."

On the advice of his attorney and of Secretary Walter White of the N.A.A.C.P., Mr. Dendy brought three of the colored witnesses to New York in order that they might testify without personal risk. One of these witnesses, Mr. William Crawford, had already been compelled, by threats of violence by members of the mob, to leave Clinton. The other two were Mr. Ernest Mims, of Washington, D. C., and Miss Clara Belle Peak of Clinton. These three people made affidavits fully describing the events they had witnessed. Their statements, with the other information were sent by Walter White to Governor Blackwood who was urged in the name of the National Association to take immediate action.

Governor Blackwood sent Detectives Newman and Cannon to New York where they conferred with Mr. White and Mr. Dendy and arranged for the witnesses to return to South Carolina to testify. There, after a preliminary interview with the Governor they, with Mr. Robert Dendy and his mother, went to Laurens, county seat of Laurens County, with an escort of State highway patrolmen. That this protection was necessary, and that the coroner's jury was secretly called, is evidence of the tense feeling in the community. The jury was composed of close friends of the men who were named as members of the mob. It met on February 17, 1934.

In addition to the three witnesses named above, Mrs. Martha Dendy, mother of Norris and his wife Mrs. Amanda Dendy testified. More than a dozen members of the mob were named, including officers of the law. A sensational surprise was the testimony of a white man, Mr. F. A. Gedeist, that he had seen Norris Dendy taken from the jail by Hubert Pitts and J. Pitts Ray, and placed in an automobile driven by P. M. Pitts.

Mr. William Crawford stated that while in his father's car, which was parked near the jail, he heard Mrs. Dendy "pleading with Policeman McMillan saying that she would pay the fine if they would only let Norris Dendy out, and Policeman McMillan replied that he could not *pay* out of this and Pack Pitts reiterated that statement." Later his affidavit reads, "while deponent was parked at . . . Pitt and Wall Streets deponent estimated that the crowd he saw in front of the jail consisted of more than one hundred people. That of these he recognized Pack Pitts, Officer Henry Young, Roy Pitts, Marvin Lollis, Hubert Pitts and Chief of Police George Holland; that the conduct of all of these persons indicated that they were part of what was going on." He testified further that he saw someone taken from the jail and placed in the automobile belonging to Pack Pitts, who was in the front seat, "and in the back seat was Marvin Lollis and others who were active and deponent could see their arms being raised and going down as if they were beating someone, and deponent heard cries from the back seat." In the cars following he saw Hubert Pitts and others whose names he does not know but whom he could identify on sight.

Mr. Ernest Mims testified, after a detailed account of Norris Dendy's efforts to get bail, that he had seen Hubert Pitts get out of his car with a rope and go into the jail; that there were many people around the jail among whom he saw "Red Watkins, Marvin Stewart, Pack Pitts, Roy Pitts, Roy (Bob) Tucker, Gus Blakely, Ray Pitts and L. L. Copeland." Mr. Mims went into an alley from which he could look through a back door into the jail. He saw "the crowd standing with sticks, brooms and all sorts of weapons and Policeman Weir unlocked the door to Norris' cell." He described the struggle which began as the crowd tried to force Norris from his cell. He then went away from that place and shortly after he saw Pack Pitts' car pass with Norris in the back seat.

Much additional and corroborative testimony was given. When it had been heard the jury decided that Norris Dendy had come to his death at the hands of "a party or parties unknown."

On February 19th, murder indictments against five Clinton men were drawn and presented to the grand jury by Solicitor Homer S. Blackwell. They were Marvin Lollis, P. M. Pitts, Hubert Pitts, Roy Pitts and J. Pitts Ray. After considering the case and hearing the witnesses the grand jury adjourned without action. It will meet again in June. Will it then resume the consideration of this case? To date this is just another lynching, with the South running true to form. Another insufferable crime has been committed and the perpetrators are being shielded by the silence and passivity of the "better element."

The End of the Pacifist Era

By MAXIM LITVINOV

Commisar of Foreign Affairs, Soviet Union

(This article is a translation, greatly abridged, of an address delivered by M. Litvinov before the Central Executive Committee, U. S. S. R. The translation is by Anna Louise Strong. Miss Strong was in Russia twelve years. She is the author of "Soviets Conquer Wheat" and "China's Millions".)

THIS is a time of boiling activity in international diplomacy called forth by important changes that have occurred or are occurring in international groupings and the ripening of new diplomatic plans and combinations. If one may speak of diplomatic eras, we stand at the junction of two eras.

The Era of Bourgeois Pacifism Ends

To answer the question what is happening just now in international life, I will give a brief glance at the past fifteen years. After the world war in which some forty nations took part, including without exception all the great powers, the entire capitalist world became pacifist for a time. The pacifism of the conquered countries, from whom nearly all means of combat had been taken, is not necessary to explain. But even the victor lands, having largely satisfied their imperialist desires, were not for the time interested in further wars. Furthermore, there was the need of bringing some order into war-shattered finance and economic life.

All these things together created an era of bourgeois pacifism, of pacifist diplomacy, which has lasted till very recently. There took place countless international meetings and conferences, there was created the League of Nations, there were organized meetings of premiers and ministers of foreign affairs several times a year. These meetings took place publicly under control of public opinion, and in them one spoke only of peace and friendship between nations. There was of course no lack of meetings behind the scenes and secret discussions, but these bore an "illegal" "underground" character. For twelve years, in any case, they talked and wrote zealously of peace and disarmament.

But while the foreign offices were speaking of peace, the ministries of armies and navies and the general staffs were also not idle. With equal zeal they were busily replenishing the supplies of rifles and ammunition which the war had exhausted, and adding the products of new inventions. At the same time the international capitalist conflicts widened, deepened, sharpened, and made themselves ever more loudly heard. The onset of an economic crisis of unparalleled strength sharpened still more the existing conflicts and added new ones. And there arose a new generation which had not known the horrors of the world war, and were hence uninfected with that antiwar feeling to which till recently governments were obliged to give at least some verbal tribute. This verbal tribute itself became at last impossible, so sharply was it contradicted by the deeds of these governments.

Thus the era of bourgeois pacifism ended. Instead of the problem of peace, the bourgeois press began openly to discuss the problems of war in all its revolting details.

In Geneva and in diplomatic conferences instead of disarmament the central place was taken by questions of armament and rearming. In lands where the former governing parties could not make themselves over to accord with the new warlike spirit of the times, they were replaced by new parties, new leaders with new theories unmixed and untainted by any past pacifism. Any form of striving for international peace became a treason to the ideals of mankind. Only war could renew, ennoble and keep mankind young. In this spirit youth must be trained; this view must be served by press, literature, science, art. This "new" ideology, it is true, smells of a very ancient Middle Ages, but in the name of its new "civilizing mission" it declares crusade against communism, against radicalism. Under cover of this crusade there are in view some more modest national aims, such as revision of treaties and reapportionment of lands, some named in the treaties and some not named. An acquaintance with the literature of these new theories shows that if the fortunes of war smile on their writers, they will not be overparticular as to whether the territories they take are owned by the hated Marxists or by others. This is the situation in at least one European country.

There is another country yet more "advanced", or perhaps only better prepared, which without calling to its aid any complex "ideology" has gone in not for revision of treaties but revision of frontiers, and has given the job not to its diplomats but to its generals, under whose leadership whole armies march freely across the measureless Asiatic continent in all directions without considering any frontiers or anyone's rights.

But even here the affair does not go on without some "ideology", in a rather uncrystalized form, sometimes taking the formlua of defending European civilization against communism, and sometimes the theory of a new pan-Asiatic race which ought gratefully to give overlordship to the authors of the theory. In this case also the ideology covers a very prosaic nationalist, imperialist aim of conquest.

The observed rapprochement between the defenders of the two new ideologies which I have described, is not to be wondered at since they have the same root and similar aims.

For the new tasks of diplomacy there arise new forms. That is why those more or less open international conferences already seem an antiquated method of international intercourse and are replaced by more limited, closed conferences of two, three or four ministers. One may speak openly and publicly of peace and disarmament; but of war and armament it is more convenient to speak eye to eye, with three or four.

It would be a mistaken impression of the international situation, however, to think that all capitalist governments are seeking immediate war or preparing for it. Not at all. Along with the very small number of countries which have already abandoned diplomatic methods for military ones, or, unprepared to do this at once, are preparing to do so in the near future, there are other countries which are not yet thinking of such aims. They have their conflicts with other countries but these have not reached the sharpness which resorts to war. However, considering war inescapable they do not wish to tie themselves by such things as pacts of non-aggression; they would probably not object to a small fight between third parties, in which they would not be involved and from which they might reap benefit, more especially, if such a fight was directed against our Soviet Union.

Finally there are quite a few even of bourgeois governments which in the present period of time are interested in unbroken peace and ready to direct their policy to protect such peace. I do not here appraise the motives of this policy; I only note the fact and prize it highly.

Such are the complex international conditions under which our Soviet diplomacy must work. While we strive to maintain friendly relations with all countries, we give special attention to strengthening our relations with those which, like ourselves, give proof of their sincere striving to maintain peace and are ready to oppose the peace-breakers. In the light of this you may understand the development of our relations with particular countries.

I am not mistaken if I assume that the greatest interest lies at present in our relations with Japan. These relations attract the attention not only of our Union but of the whole world, for the policy of Japan is at present the darkest threatening cloud on the international political horizon. Permit me to review briefly our relations with Japan.

From the time of the Pekin agreement till the end of 1931 we had the best neighborly relations with Japan. If there were any conflicts they were settled by peaceful diplomacy. There were no talks of threats on either side. Our relations in fact were based on such trust that we left our far eastern frontier almost without defense.

The situation began to change from the time when Japan began military operations in Manchuria. Together with the whole world we could not but see in those operations the breaking by Japan of many pledges which she had voluntarily taken upon herself in the form of international agreements. Japan, as will be remembered, gave explanations of those operations which explained nothing and convinced no one. She also gave us official assurances that her army would not go beyond a certain line in Manchuria and that in any event our interests, especially on the China Eastern Railway, would in no way suffer. These assurances were repeated on each advance of the Japanese army, till they had taken all Manchuria and established the so-called Manchukuo. These acts, as is known, were characterized by all the outside world, including the League of Nations, as a breaking of such pacts as the Washington Nine Power Pact, the Kellogg Pact and the pact of the League of Nations.

We had secured from Japan one thing: Promise to preserve our commercial interest in the China Eastern Railway. Against this solemn pledge the representatives of Japan in Manchuria began direct attack against those interests, trying to make it impossible for us to carry on our mutual agreement with the Chinese or Manchurian representatives in the management, breaking down the work of the railroad and proposing to the Soviet part of the road's management impossible demands.

The whole world was surprised at our coolness and long patience, but we were firmly resolved not to break our policy of peace, and limited ourselves to protests which, however, were without effect. The more peaceful and patient we were, the more daring and provocative became the Japanese forces in Manchuria. It seemed they were intentionally provoking from us stronger action than protests.

Not wishing to yield to such provocations, we offered on the second of last May to sell the railroad to Japan. Japan apparently accepted our proposal, but when we began discussions it was clear Japan expected the road as a present. Japan's representatives then turned from arguments to blows, by violent means they began to remove our agents from the road and replace them with their own, Manchurians and Russian Whiteguards,—in a word, they proceeded to their special form of seizure of the road. From incontrovertible documents, published by TASS (leading Russian press organization) it was shown that the violent actions against the Soviet employees of the road, taken in the name of the Manchurian law, were dictated by the Japanese military and administrative agents, who thus thought to get the road for nothing.

It is, however, not only a matter of the China Eastern Railway. Japanese statesmen, including official representatives of the Japanese government, began in speech and press to raise the question of war against the Soviet Union for seizing the Maritime Province and the whole Far Eastern District. Nor did they limit themselves to words. In Manchuria, near our frontier, they stationed large Japanese forces, brought in military supplies, built railroads, highways, etc. Thus has arisen not only a threat of forcible seizure of our railroad but even a threat to our frontiers.

Under such conditions there was nothing for our government to do but to undertake the strengthening of our frontier, sending thither the necessary forces and taking other military measures.

There is, of course, no lack of sensible people in Japan who see the whole risk for Japan in a war against a giant so full of strength and energy as our Union. But there are also adventurous groups, especially among the military, for whom apparently war is the highest goal in life, without regard to what results it brings. As far as the rest of the world is concerned in such a conflict with Japan, we may affirm that Japan is morally isolated by the whole world. Her actions against China, her possible actions against us are condemned by the whole of that civilized world which the Japanese war machine assumes to protect from us. They do this, not on account of our beautiful eyes, but because they know that if they recognize the acts and policy of Japan as just and thereby strengthen her, tomorrow those acts and policy will be turned against their own interests. . . .

I wish to add a few words about our relations with an international organization of which our Union is part,—the Disarmament Conference. Formally this conference is still listed as alive. The name of corpse, which I gave it in America, is however by no means an exaggeration. The question is only whether to give certificate of death or try to galvanize the corpse. Galvanization is possible, but it will be no longer a conference on disarmament but on rearming. We entered the conference to take part in working out guarantees of peace. But when they say: Rearm some nations and disarm others, we are afraid that only the first part of this formula will be fulfilled. For it is clear that you will never be able to disarm those who are at the present time making practical use of their armaments and openly threatening to do more in the future. Nor can you demand that only those governments disarm against whom the threats are directed.

It will only be possible to speak seriously again of disarmament when governments cease to treat pacts of non-aggression as "scraps of paper" and when they sincerely renounce war as a means of settling international disputes. Then they will take down from the dusty archives of the League of Nations the Soviet proposals on disarming and the question will be really of disarmament, general and fully, and not of "quotas for rearming".

Justice and Law

A Dissertation on the Crawford Case

By RICHARD W. HALE

MY text is taken from a little book which I regard as the Bible of political freedom and human freedom. The author is John Stuart Mill, the title "On Liberty." Copies can be bought for less than a dollar in either of two current editions. And I submit it is the duty of every friend of liberty to own and to digest a copy.

My text is a composite one from two places in that essay. In the first place he says that the whole strength and value of human judgment depends upon the one property that it can be set right when it is wrong. And in the second that the reason why it can be set right is that "mankind have attained the capacity of being guided to their own improvement by conviction or persuasion. My solemn warning is that unless you try all things through reason and hold fast to nothing unless it is rational you

will not understand your liberty and you will not get it.

My text is most unfashionable today. It doesn't matter whether you take Hitler at one end, or the Communist at the other end,—neither in practice believes in rational conduct. They use instead hot zeal, and passionate emotion.

And there are thinkers like this in our own camp. But I say to you that is not the way to obtain justice. The genius which is required to bring about justice is rather an infinite capacity for taking pains to be coldly rational.

The Firstly of my sermon is that reason is right and emotion is wrong, when you are seeking justice for a class or race. The Secondly is that any minority and most of all a racial minority will give up the fort before it begins to fight if it decides to make a sortie from the impregnable bastions of reason and fight outside the gates where emotion and passion sweep the field. If a minority allow either emotion or passion to direct their activities and are seeking justice they will be licked before they start,—licked every time!

Now in this matter of feeling emotion I do not ask you to be superhuman and I make no claim to be superhuman myself. I have sat upon the platform at Hampton Institute with a fiery furnace glowing inside me while I listened to a Southern gentleman, a governor of Virginia, telling the colored people to seek their due through obedience to the white majority. But I came away having suppressed every thought except my admiration for the way those Hampton students and graduates kept cool and rational under that temptation. I ask you, as human beings responsible for guiding a great cause, to keep to cold reason at all costs.

My firstly is because that is the right course. My secondly is advice to a minority. God and one who is in the right are winners only when reason prevails. When the devil gets his chance through emotion a racial minority may be many millions and not be winners. Never agree to abide by a count of heads until you find something inside them cool and rational; if you agree to count hot heads you will lose—all the more if you get hot yourself!

I desire to preach my views in a particular way. I shall review a celebrated criminal case in which we here have all been extremely interested. I shall do so because the conduct of that case by J. Weston Allen and Butler R. Wilson at the Bar and the lamented James Arnold Lowell on the Bench are in my mind most admirable to prove that reason is the right course. I mean, of course, the Crawford Case. I would not wish to stop praising the conduct without mentioning Judge John H. R. Alexander holding the Loudon County, Virginia Circuit Court in that case.

The facts of the Crawford Case are frank, honest, straight goods; I mean the facts about that particular of whether Crawford should have been sent back to Virginia. Compare them with the rotten controversy about the Scottsboro case and they look and smell clean. When Weston Allen and Butler Wilson were preparing the case, Weston Allen went down to Loudon County and he and the judge as two rational citizens and human beings sat down together; judge, clerk, and sheriff testified truly and what was testified there becomes the facts of the case. From that moment no two rational human beings could have any doubt about the facts. They were agreed facts.

Now what was the agreed substantive law applicable to those agreed facts? You will notice that word *substantive;* I will come to technicalities later. The law was this. First the Fourteenth Amendment was passed to protect the Negro. Second one of the many promises the Fourteenth Amendment makes when construed by the Supreme Court is that he is to be indicted and tried only by a jury selected without discrimination because of race or color. Third that promise is as broad as the constitution itself. It is a guarantee against legislative, executive, and judicial discrimination. Such being the law go back a moment to the agreed facts. Lo! the plural is wrong. There was only a single fact which can be stated with an adjective and a noun—Unconstitutional Discrimination.

With this material we have a golden opportunity for the exercise of our rational faculties through reason. The law is but logic. The pole star or guiding principle is the Fourteenth Amendment. To those who think in terms of skilled logic I say the law is the major premise, the fact the minor premise and Judge Lowell's decision is the embodiment of right reasoning. I know that three judges differed from him on appeal but hitching my own wagon with the harness of logic to the pole star of the Fourteenth Amendment I do not agree. I shall not argue the point—I need only expound. It is the test of good rational logic if you can state your case by exposition and after that do not need to argue.

Now the decision of the appeal court lies before me as I speak and I give you a fair summary of its results in a succession of statements.

It was Crawford's right not to be tried on the indictment which had been found against him.

Nevertheless it was the right of his Southern prosecutors to take him back to be tried. It was the duty of his Northern judges to shut their eyes to the truth. In the immortal language of James Arnold Lowell such "justice would be blind,—blind as a bat." Well that is a good abstract of the decision on appeal from Lowell. The three judges gravely said, "This is the wrong place for Justice to have her eyes open. It is her duty *here* to be blind,—blind as a bat."

Gentlemen that law had to me a familiar ring. At first I was not learned enough in history to catch on. But I did catch on! That substantive law was copied from something in American history. From what? Why from a previous federal statute of September 18, 1850. Let us call it the Fugitive Slave Law.

The parallel is complete. Under that fugitive slave law you went to any local magistrate in the South and got a certificate. You could get a certificate that William Lloyd Garrison was your black slave and the law forbade anybody in the North to contradict it there. He must go South. *The Crawford Case differs only in that you get your certificate from a lily-white grand jury.*

I do not think that the Supreme Court endorsed that doctrine when they refused Crawford leave to appeal. I think that they were human and wanted to wait for a better test case.

When Crawford or his friends had paid all the expenses of trying to be heard on their merits here it was then his duty to go to trial in Loudon County, Virginia. And the ground assigned was that he might flinch, he might waive some right through fear or policy. His lawyer might be like Friar Bacon's servant and be asleep when the Iron man said "Time is" and wake up to hear him say "Time never will be again," and then the constitutional truth would become immaterial. But if Crawford's courage, and his pocket book and his attorney should all three stand by him in the course which I have outlined he was legally certain to have a valid grievance and morally certain to have no comfort and to be unjustly tried in Loudon County, Virginia. Then there was the Supreme Court of Virginia and an expensive right of appeal to them and then beyond that the more expensive right of appeal to the Supreme Court at Washington. And of the four courts which would have heard the case including eight or more judges everyone of those judges would know in his heart that but for flinching or slipping or for waiving the Supreme Court of Washington was as certain to reverse any conviction as it is certain that the earth is revolving as I make this speech.

NOW what did happen? Crawford failed to appeal because he flinched under duress. There were two persons murdered. After he got a life sentence only for one murder they threatened

him with the noose for the other and he bargained away his constitutional grievance.

I draw the conclusion that a law entitling Northern judges to take the blinder off the statue of Justice might be a good law.

I proceed with my exposition by narrating the history of a parallel English case. Yes. You read me right. I said, *parallel*. But if you listened in your hearts, and thought I said *parable* you need not correct yourselves. It is a parallel and parable case.

The English judge was named Maule. It does sound like Lowell. It is going to look like Lowell.

This one English judge by a single courageous speech doomed the wicked English discrimination in divorce law. The prisoner before him had just been convicted of bigamy and Maule was pronouncing sentence. The prisoner's wife had been seduced and his children left motherless. She had robbed him too. He had given his children a new mother and married her at that. And now he stood convicted waiting to be sentenced. His name was Hall.

"You," said the judge, "you in common with everyone else are bound to obey the law of the land. The law is the same to the low and poor as it is to the mighty and rich—what the rich man would have done—you should have done."

"But I had no money," said Hall.

"Hold your tongue," said Maule. "You should have sued the other man for damages. It would have cost a hundred pounds or more."

"Oh, Lawd!" said Hall.

"You should have gone to the Ecclesiastical Court for a separation. Then obtained a private act of Parliament for a divorce. For five hundred pounds all told you could have married Maria."

The rest of the story as I tell it tonight is too good to be true.

This version says that Maule went on:

"It is my duty to sentence you for this felony and I do so. I sentence you to one day's imprisonment and as that day was yesterday you may now go free."

The scorn and irony of Maule resulted in a change of the English Divorce Law.

But those last words have a recent ringing sound they might be the last words in the decision in the Crawford Case by Lowell. He said to Crawford "so far as in me lies you shall go free." Maule changed the law of England because he was in the right. Lowell, I believe set the forces of reason in motion so that we shall see a change in these twentieth century arrangements for the rendition of fugitive Negroes. We shall thank Judge Lowell for making the law into justice. I am not sure and I do not much care what form that justice will take. What I am sure about is that a just solution is coming.

This nation cannot permanently endure with the Virginia half telling the Negro he is not entitled to a jury of his peers and the Northern half telling him to go back to the South and chase it. Justice so divided against itself cannot stand. Either the Negro will get his hearing in Massachusetts or else Virginia will listen to right and reason and obey the constitution of the United States. We do not care where he gets justice so long as he does get it.

And for either result the nation will be grateful to James Arnold Lowell.

The Outer Pocket

He Questions the Strategy

Recently there has been much said about national student organizations with particular reference to the three student conventions in Washington, D. C., in December. Though my major interest was in the Ninth Annual Convention of the National Student Federation of America, I was a fraternal delegate to the National Student League convention and gave some time to the National Conference on Students in Politics. I am especially interested in the outlook for Negro students in these movements.

It is true that the N.S.L., which is noted for its extreme liberalism, has begun a membership campaign among Southern colleges. This organization comes to the South with a fight against suppression of student thought and action, race discrimination, lynching, retrenchment in education, and preparation for war. The strategy consists largely of strikes, protests, and an effort to effect a union between students and the working class.

One cannot doubt the nobility of these objectives, though there may be some question about the strategy. Certainly this group carries a dynamic spirit that can do much to enhance the imagination of youth for the building of a new social and economic structure. In my opinion Negro students especially will do well to welcome this organization to the South.

I think, however, that Negro youth must not make the mistake of committing themselves entirely to this organization and ignoring the more conservative groups. It is well known that a radical group must work outside the present machinery of government whether it be academic, state, or national. If Negro students ally themselves too exclusively with this extremely liberal organization, the white students of the more conservative movements, who now largely control student affairs in colleges and are very likely to become public leaders, will not find in their midst members of the Negro race constantly demanding their rights in cases not even known to the outside world. Negroes must work both within and without the present mechanism.

The National Student Federation of America, representing one hundred and fifty accredited colleges and universities of the country, and doubtless the most effectively organized national youth movement, is to a great extent conservative. It seeks to attain its goal by gradually reforming the present order. It is true that the three Negro delegates were barred from the first dance and a luncheon by certain maneuvers of the local executive committee of this organization; but it is also true that later in a plenary session the action of the committee was proved unconstitutional and against the will of the group, and the Negro delegates attended the subsequent dance and banquet without difficulty. More significant is the fact that by a great majority vote the candidates for presidency of the Federation were required in campaign speeches to state their position on the race issue and a resolution was passed barring any city as host to the convention in which Negro members would be unable to exercise all rights granted by the constitution. Accordingly, Boston was accepted for the next convention city.

Only two Negro institutions, Howard University and Morehouse College, were represented in the N.S.F.A. convention. It seems that more Negro colleges should join this movement as well as the N.S.L.

H. J. Battle,
Atlanta, Georgia.

Also Sees the Good

Permit me to congratulate you on the courageous stand that you have taken in reference to segregation. Your Postscripts for the months of January and April on this live subject carry the "Bare Facts" along with common sense (especially your Postscript for April).

I have read much on the "evil" of

segregation but never have I been so enlightened on the "good" that it could be to the Negro race if it (segregation) was used in the right way. I see your point plainly and I am proud of you, our foremost leader, for having the "guts" to tell the truth about the whole matter. Bravo.

May you continue the good work for us—though we be too ignorant to understand what it is all about.

HAROLD G. EATON,
Washington, D. C.

Segregation an Incentive

I want to thank you for your two masterly editorials in the January and February issues of THE CRISIS on segregation. They are facts, which no informed Negro will deny. We have been so much influenced by the white man's civilization and the color white that we are afraid to live even on the same street with one another, sit in the same seat in the street cars (in the North) and many other socially sensible things for fear of segregation. We go so far with this nonsense that we actually become ridiculous. Segregation has been the incentive that has made the Southern Negro advance. Had it not been for segregation, he would be in the same condition, economically, socially and intellectually as is his brother in the North.

The time has come when the American Negro must think in terms of race: Race progress, race advancement, race achievement. He must think of it like the Japanese, and even like some branches here in America of the white race; the Jews, the Greeks and the Italians. The great problem which confronts us is our lack of cooperation. And we will never make it in this country until we do. When it comes to the denial of our civil and constitutional rights we have a perfect right to register our protests. But when it comes to race advancement and race progress I think we can well afford to overlook these petty inconveniences and strive all the harder to prove our equality by our achievements.

SAMUEL BARRETT,
Los Angeles, California

Colored Catholics

Having noticed in THE CRISIS, in Debits of 1933, "The Sabotage of the Federated Colored Catholics," I have the honor, and it is a pleasure, to inform you that the Federated Colored Catholics are not sabotaged, but is united and pushing onward and upward, with the same objectives as was when organized, it seeks to make the Negro (under integrated leadership) a free man, an independent human being and a real factor in world affairs.

G. A. HENDERSON,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Virgin Islands Commission Not Representative

The Virgin Islands Civic and Industrial Association has gone on record as protesting the appointment by President Roosevelt of a Commission to advise with Governor Paul M. Pearson of the Virgin Islands regarding the expenditure of a million dollars on the rehabilitation of the islands.

We do not oppose the appointees on personal grounds, but we do insist that one or more Virgin Islanders and Labor representatives be added to the already appointed Commission. The problems of the people are social and economic. There should be someone on the Commission who has the sympathy and intimate knowledge of the laboring masses, 99 per cent of whom are under the direct influence and dominant control of the land-owning aristocracy in the islands.

This Association is appreciative of the fact that the 5000 Virgin Islanders residing on the mainland represented through their various factions will rise as one unit in an unalterable opposition to the omission of Native and Labor representation. They also look on the omission as a direct insult to the intelligence and integrity of the Natives, both in the islands and on the mainland.

JUANITA T. GALLWEY,
Executive Secretary

"As Much Good as The Civil War

I noticed an article in THE CRISIS for March that you would like to know of discrimination against Negro soldiers in the last war. I know of none. I hope that you are interested in our terrible depression. Negro farm owners in Arkansas that have their farms mortgaged are turned down in wholesale numbers by the Federal Land Bank at St. Louis. Here in Jefferson and Lincoln Counties, Negro farmers own only a small part of the land in forty to two hundred acre tracts.

The plantation owners own from 500 to 5000 acres. Much of this land is in debt and I guess 97 per cent of the Negro homes are mortgaged; yet our Federal Land Bank is turning down Negro applicants by wholesale while the others are refinanced. This means that 97 per cent of the Negro farm owners will be swept off the map. Usually the amount of the indebtedness of the farms ranges from a fourth to a half of the worth of the farm. Many of these little Negro homes are the whole life savings of from one to three generations. If any one could help in this struggle it would do Negroes nearly as much good as the Civil War. I hope that some one will fix it so that the colored people can get some of the use of the Government set-up as well as others. ——— ———, Arkansas

Subsistence Homesteads

I am writing to congratulate you on the editorial of the January Issue of THE CRISIS. It seems to me that you have made clear a position that, if followed, will contribute to the progress of the Negroes.

In working for the establishment of subsistence homesteads projects, I have increasingly become convinced that we must aim for economic opportunities on the constructive side and equality of opportunity in education, health, and standards of living on the social side.

I have felt that some of our friends who discuss the question of segregation confuse the issue with discrimination. Indeed, colored people are coming to me asking for the establishment of subsistence homesteads to be led by colored people and for colored people. If we follow to the logical conclusion the position taken by some that no project should be established in which colored people, alone, would be placed or in which white people, alone, would be placed, we would have to turn down colored people and their requests merely because they are colored people.

I am glad to advise you that we are getting colored people on our staff and I am hoping that we can bring to the Negro a better opportunity for the establishment of homes than heretofore has existed.

BRUCE L. MELVIN,
Supervisor of Negro Work,
Department of the Interior.

Postscript for The Crow

For several years THE CRISIS has given an unfavorable impression to many of its readers. Let us give thanks that you have given up the language of "Time." However, the most important thing for most of us is the editorial page by Dr. DuBois. It ought not to be relegated to a Postscript at the end. It should be given a dignified title and perhaps exchange places with "The Crow."

PHILIP F. MAYER,
West Groton, Mass.

A Sample "Round" of Work

By WILLIAM PICKENS

IN the middle of February I set out, via Springfield, Mass., and Troy, N. Y., for the middle west. In Springfield the friends of the NAACP got together in a meeting and raised the entire quota of Springfield for the 25th Anniversary Fund, and much to apply toward making up for delinquent communities. In Troy I met, in forum, with The Women's University Club, made up of the college women of that section of the state of New York. Only graduates of recognized colleges can join, and most of them hold postgraduate degrees and some are officers and professors in the colleges and universities. And yet this great group of college white women, Ph.D.'s and M.A.s, knew on the average about as little about the great race problem of America as do the members of the average intelligent audience. But they were quick to "get" it, and we had a grand meeting, which they seemed to enjoy almost as much as I did.

Next I took a long jump to Peoria, Ill., the city where Robert G. Ingersoll used to live, in the days when he used to try to teach the Christians "brotherly love," especially toward Negroes. In the Sunday evening forum I recalled how, when Frederick Douglass, the great Negro anti-slavery orator, had spoken in Peoria on an occasion before the Civil War, the Christians had turned out, listened to the address, admired it, and then walked away from the church without so much as inviting Douglass to come and spend the snowy night in one of their homes. There were no Negro homes available and no hotel would take him in. Ingersoll heard of it and sent for him and took him as an honored guest into his home. That must have been a lesson to the Christians, for they do act a bit better in Peoria now. Among the "questions" asked of the speaker in this forum is one that he shall long remember: "How is it that you could keep up, during the last 20 years, the enthusiasm and fighting spirit against the injustice done the Negro, which you showed here tonight? I heard you 20 years ago."

I informed the questioner that he had missed at least ten years: he should have heard me 30 years ago!

The pastor of the Oak Park Church and leader of the forum is a Southerner. He is one of the best influences in all the North for justice and equality to the Negro race. I had in past years spoken at the forum in his church when he was located in a Connecticut city, and where he was too liberal on the "race question" to suit his Northern trustee board. In a subsequent sermon, which he had printed for general distribution, he had described how a colored guest had come into their home, how the little children of his house had climbed upon the knees and hung about the neck of this black friend and begged for conversation and stories. He tried to show in this sermon that the unsophistocated and uncontaminated minds of little children are the normal minds, and models for older folk. This Christian logic did not increase his popularity with the Northerners, and when he went back South to visit his parents and sisters and brothers, he tells with an appreciation of the humor of it, how his mother took him aside from the company, as he was about to leave, and warned him: "Son, I'm afraid that you are getting into the wrong path on this race question, treating colored people just as you treat your white friends. Remember, son, *you were not brought up that way!*" When he tells of this innocent "confession" by his mother, he thoroughly appreciates the humor of the situation.

Before I speak further about some of these "converted" whites and also about some of the constant and persistent and consistent Northern white friends whom we always meet on such a round of work, I want to call attention to one alarming thing which was evident among the colored people in several of the places: In several of the places visited there were the usual petty quarrels among rival Negro groups, absolutely without cause when you tried to dig to the bottom of it,—and in two of the cities there was deadly combat, internecine warfare, fratricidal strife,—or perhaps you had better call it true race suicide going on,—colored people trying to destroy each other with all their might. Some one will say: "Oh, well, other races do the same." I am not talking about "other races" now: I am talking about the Negro race. I have noticed that other races may have their private warfares, but whenever they are suffering attacks from the outside, they pretty generally get their shoulders together. The worst attacks from the outside that are brought against any race in the world, are being brought against the American Negro,—and yet enough energy is being wasted on warfare among Negroes to hold back the common enemy if it were organized and directed against him. In more than one place I said: "If you colored people could turn all the fight you are showing each other against your common oppressors, you would win out in a week!" It is just as if somebody were holding a group of men down, and those fellows, down and under, were clawing and scratching at each other, instead of joining their strength in one mighty effort to get up. Most of the contention was about some petty question of leadership,—and in most cases no emolument or material gain was directly involved.

But getting back to the question of the Southerner in the North, it is noticeable that a "changed" Southerner is more genuine in his brotherhood toward colored people than is the average liberal Northerner. That is because the Southerner has a factual knowledge of Negroes, and never has had any real fear of them. This is especially to be noticed in Southern women, who make up their minds to be simply human beings. In one of the colleges which I visited, one of the high officials was a Southern woman, and she was more genuine, natural and cordial in her attitudes and hospitality than any other person of the institution. Believe it or not, she was from Alabama. In another college, my hostess was an upperclass student, from the Carolinas. She was head of the college girls' group that had sponsored my coming. I never met a more normal young woman on the question of "race" in Wellesley or in Smith College. In none of these cases did the Southerner, as sometimes happens, "boast" of being Southern: I was only permitted to discover that they were Southerners after much association and in the incidental evolution of the conversations.

And in South Bend, Indiana, a colored women's group proved that something can be done wherever there is devotion to a cause, even in the day of depression: no group of colored people anywhere have been harder hit by the business and industrial slump than have those in South Bend. But Mrs. Zoie Smith, head of the St. Pierre Ruffin Club, hearing of the effort to start the NAACP on its second quarter-century with a fund that should represent at least a penny for every Negro in America, decided to have South Bend to fill its own quota and to add something for places that cannot be reached. There are three thousand four hundred Negroes in South Bend. Mrs. Smith and her Club led in a campaign which gave to the National Office five thousand and eight hundred pennies. Mrs. Smith and her co-workers, and other women like them all over the country, are re-verifying what Mary B. Talbert proved about 14 years ago: THAT THE BEST SOCIAL ASSET OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO RACE IS THE ORGANIZED AND DEVOTED NEGRO WOMAN.

Postscript by W. E. B. DuBois

SEGREGATION

A GIRL with brown and serious face, came to me after a lecture. She was not satisfied with what I had said, nor to my answer to her questions from the floor. She said: "It seems to me you used to fight Segregation, and that now you are ready to compromise." I answered: If you mean by fighting Segregation, fighting with fists, this is a thing I have never advocated, because it seems to me that such a policy always loses more than it gains. I have fought Segregation and other evils with reason, with facts, and with agitation. In this way, I'm still fighting. I said in the past that Segregation is wrong. I am still saying it.

As to my willingness to compromise, that depends upon what you mean by compromise. If you mean by compromise, taking less than you want, but not wanting less, then I do compromise. I take what I can get, as I always have in the past. Yet I want all. And if in this matter of taking what I can get, I compromise, so do you, and so must you.

Moreover, and beyond this, I fight Segregation with Segregation, and I do not consider this compromise. I consider it common sense.

Out beyond me, where I write, lies a slum, Beaver Slide; named after an Atlanta Chief of Police, who went that way hurriedly one night because of certain dark dangers. I have seen this slum now and again for thirty years: Its drab and crowded houses; its mud, dust and unpaved streets; its lack of water, light and sewage; its crowded and unpoliced gloom. Just now, it seems certain, that the United States Government is going to spend $2,000,000 to erase this slum from the face of the earth, and put in its place, beautiful, simple, clean homes, for poor colored people, with all modern conveniences.

This is Segregation. It is Segregation by the United States Government. These homes are going to be for Negroes, and only for Negroes; and yet I am a strong advocate for this development. If this is compromise with Segregation; I am compromising. Not only that, but strange enough, I hear no opposition even from the Washington Brain Trust. Dr. George Haynes has uttered no word of protest. The embattled Youth of Washington have not gone on record, and why? Is it because they or I like the necessity of having public development for social uplift divided along an artificial Color Line? Certainly not. But it's because I have sense enough to know, and I hope they have, that either we get a segregated development here, or we get none at all; and the advantage of decent homes for five thousand colored people, outweighs any disadvantage which will come from this development.

I say again, if this is compromise; if this is giving up what I have advocated for many years; the change, the reversal, bothers me not at all. But Negro poverty and idleness, and distress, they bother me, and always will.

THE CONGRESSIONAL RESTAURANTS

THERE are two restaurants at the Capital designed for Congressmen and their friends, but practically open to the public. They have always tried to exclude black folk, except they could not bar colored members of congress. They are run by committees, whose members and often chairmen, are white Southerners, since, because of Negro disfranchisement, Southerners monopolize most chairmanships.

These restaurants have distinguished themselves this year by refusing to serve the secretary of Congressman DePriest, and by beating a colored social worker connected with the N.R.A. into unconsciousness. Miss Byrd, the victim is a graduate of the University of Oregon, a Master of Arts of Chicago, and former Assistant in the International Labor Office of Geneva.

When Congressman DePriest tried to bring this matter openly before Congress, he was, at first, stopped by the rules. He has now a sufficient number of signatures to bring the question to the floor of the House. What will happen? Nothing. Congressman DePriest had done his bounden duty, but he is as helpless as you and I.

The Howard students and some of their teachers, staged a demonstration, which was a legitimate and justifiable method of letting the world know what discrimination we suffer. Yet it was futile and will undoubtedly be used to attack the Howard appropriation. It was worth the price.

What shall we do about it? Nothing, except to state the facts. Nothing, except to let the civilized world know what a cultured and Christian nation can do under an enlightened President.

The only power that could reverse the present policy of the Congressional restaurants is the power of public opinion, and there is no public opinion in the United States which is prepared or willing to act upon these barbarians.

Before the organized and complacent and determined Negro hatred of the United States, nothing will avail, but absolute and complete reversal of attitude on the part of the leaders of American thought. When that time comes, the Seventh Day Adventists will be found leading the world.

VIOLENCE

A CERTAIN group of young, American Negroes, inspired by white Radicals, are distinctly looking toward violence as the only method of settling the Negro problems.

When I was speaking in Chicago, recently, a woman of mature age, phrased the argument somewhat heatedly. She said: "Why can't we fight? What is the difference between our situation and the situation of the English colonies before the Revolution? What is the difference between our plight and that of the slaves in Haiti? Or of the peasants in France before the Revolution?"

Now the answer to this is almost too obvious to require stating. In 1776, England and her armies were something like six months distant from the Thirteen Colonies. Even if England had had the men to spare for fighting overseas, and she hadn't, it would have required the transporting of large numbers of men over long periods of time, and at impossible cost, to have beaten the Colonies into submission. They had the forests of the wild West for refuge, and as long as they fought a defensive war, they were invincible.

At the time of the Haitian Revolution, there were forty thousand white people on the island, surrounded by four hundred and fifty-two thousand blacks, not to mention the twenty-eight thousand mulattoes. In other words, the whites were outnumbered ten to one. To be sure, there were the armies and navies of France, England and Spain, but there

again loomed the difficulty of transportation, the difficulty of co-operation, and the World Wars which were keeping them all busy.

On the other hand, here in the United States are twelve million Negroes, totally surrounded by over one hundred and ten million whites. Under such circumstances, to talk about force, is little less than idiotic.

But, someone added, could we not induce a large enough number of white people to sympathize with us, so that combining with them, we could gain their rights? The answer to this is simple. We could not. If we could, there would be no need to appeal to force. If the justice of our cause appealed to a majority of white Americans, then our cause would be won by peaceful votes, and pressure of overwhelming public opinion. To such public opinion, we have been appealing for several centuries, and with redoubled and systematic effort, during the last twenty-five years. Our appeal has had some results, but not great results, nor results that give us the slightest reason for thinking that any considerable minority of American white people sympathize with our condition.

But the situation is worse than this. Just as soon as Negroes resort to violence or thoughts of violence, they will solidify white opposition. They will give every enemy of the Negro race a chance for using world-wide propaganda to prove that we are enemies of the United States, and of European civilization. With the same tactics that Hitler is using in Germany, they would seek to annihilate, and spiritually, even physically, reinslave the black folk of America. Of this, there is no reasonable doubt, and it is, therefore, our clear policy not to appeal to force until clearly and evidently, there is no other way.

WESTWARD HO! IN recent years, it has been my custom to visit Chicago and regions about it, at least once a year, and to use the excuse of lecturing in order to become acquainted again, at first hand, with the great Middle West. It is painfully easy in the United States for a great metropolis to mistake itself for the nation. This was once true of Boston. In some respects, it is true of Washington. Nearly always, it is true of New York; and the great difficulty of argument and understanding for the nation today, is that with the concentration of power and brains in New York, it is so easily assumed that there is no power, that there are no brains, that there are no centers of thought and development outside of Manhattan Island.

This year and last, I have not only viewed the national scene from Georgia, but also gone for brief visits into Alabama, Louisiana, Tennessee and Texas. And finally, I took a trip West in March.

I went to Indianapolis, after a lapse of seven years. A pause had come in my activities there, caused by the fact that in my last visit, I took occasion to preach to the white ministers of that city on the text: "Of All Forces for Social Uplift, I have Least Faith in White Christian Ministers."

I am afraid that I did not quite convince my auditors, although, personally, I was sincere. At any rate, the white man who then headed the city Y.M.C.A., refused to sanction further lectures from me. When I came back this year, I asked after him. It seems that he is retired, and living in New York.

I had an excellent audience of six or seven hundred people, and talked about segregation. I did not have time to see much of the city, or note its changes. I hurried on, then, to what proved to be the central point of my trip. And that was, the experiment in Adult Education at Des Moines, Iowa.

I am a firm and even extreme believer in Adult Education. The curious assumption that a child, after learning to read, write and count, can, in a four years' high school course, or none at all, apprehend the knowledge and experience of the world, is silly. All life should be education, and there should be enough time and opportunity to let every human being, study from grammar school to grave.

Moreover, the place of Adult Education is in the public school system. It was a grave mistake in New York City, and elsewhere, to try to ingraft Adult Education upon the Library. If the Library had been, as it might be, a part of an educational system, instead of an institution catering to the select few, there would have been better argument, but not good argument, even in that case.

In Des Moines, a city of a hundred thousand people, an organization of Adult Education through neighborhood and city-wide lectures, with the use of lecturers from all lands, and all walks of life, has actually reached thirty thousand people. The lectures have become widely attended public institutions. No wonder that race prejudice in Des Moines plays a small role. I stayed in an excellent hotel, and ate in the public dining room. There were, so far as I have heard, no deaths.

Kansas City shows progress. In my first visit there, over a quarter of a century ago, I saw the results of bomb-throwing, to keep colored people from living on decent streets. Later, I remember a stone wall built to mark the dead-line between white and black habitants. Today, there are evident changes. I spoke at a dinner of social workers, where nearly half the diners were white. That would have been impossible in Kansas City ten years ago. I visited the city hospital. It is a segregated racial institution; but it is large, well-built, and commodious. It is manned with Negro physicians and nurses, from top to bottom, and I am glad it is there. There may be some people who would prefer to have colored patients subordinated and mistreated in the city hospital by white physicians, and white nurses. But I'm not among these people. If a city hospital were possible without discrimination as to physicians or patients, that would be ideal. But that is unthinkable today in Kansas City.

I saw Lincoln University at Jefferson City, with an astonishing young and new faculty, from the President down. It has, both advantages and disadvantages. There is a certain lack of tradition and experience; a sort of terrible newness; and on the other hand, everything seems possible. What more can one ask?

Then I went to Chicago, and spoke to some young people, who evidently had the idea that they were going to force me into a corner and make rational defense of what I believed quite impossible. It was just a bit funny.

The subject which they chose for me was, "Resolved, That the Negro Should Seek a Separate Culture in the United States." The defenders of the "49th State" were there in force, and the embattled opponents of segregation. My answer was, naturally, that the Negro should *not* seek a separate culture in the United States. And that segregation was evil, and should be systematically fought.

And then, I turned to my thesis; namely, that the members of that audience were segregated, even in the case of my lecture, and they were going to be segregated as long as they lived. And that fight as they would or ought, they had got to arrange to make the best of their life in a segregated world, and that was our present job.

I came down to Cincinnati to hear Dabney play "The Spanish Fandango,"—a ceremony, which, for my soul's good, I repeat as often as the Lord lets me. It was quite perfect as usual. Incidentally, I lectured in old Allen Chapel, and spoke again on Segregation.

ETHICS IN EDUCATION CONTINUING our comment in the April CRISIS, we find upon query, additional puzzles to that problem of ethics in Negro universities. Suppose that the graduate student of unblemished character is a newspaper

reporter, and interprets his privileges so that reports of school lectures and speeches appear suddenly and violently in the public press. If the university is going to have frank and untrammeled teaching, and if outside lecturers are going to be free to say just what they think is the truth, manifestly these pronouncements cannot always stand wide newspaper publicity. To some extent, the words of a professor to his students must be confidential. You cannot yell all opinion from the housetops. A university, then, may be put in a curious and unfortunate position, unless some respect, at least, is paid to this confidence.

But suppose, beyond that, the student in question not only publishes in the press what is true, but what he has reason to think will be true; a mass meeting is called. He publishes the results before the mass meeting is held. The results are not what he expected. Yet the newspaper story has gone out. Here comes then an even nicer question of ethics, and we can see how under such circumstances, a university might suggest to those forward-looking students, either discretion or absence.

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS ON SEGREGATION

THIS is the vote which was proposed to the Board of Directors by W. E. B. Du Bois:

"The segregation of human beings purely on a basis of race and color, is not only stupid and unjust, but positively dangerous, since it is a path that leads straight to national jealousies, racial antagonisms, and war.

"The N.A.A.C.P., therefore, has always opposed the underlying principle of racial segregation, and will oppose it.

"On the other hand, it has, with equal clearness, recognized that when a group like the American Negroes suffers continuous and systematic segregation, against which argument and appeal are either useless or very slow in effecting changes, such a group must make up its mind to associate and co-operate for its own uplift and in defense of its self-respect.

"The N.A.A.C.P., therefore, has always recognized and encouraged the Negro church, the Negro college, the Negro public school, Negro business and industrial enterprises, and believes they should be made the very best and most efficient institutions of their kind judged by any standard; not with the idea of perpetuating artificial separations of mankind, but rather with the distinct object of proving Negro efficiency, showing Negro ability and discipline, and demonstrating how useless and wasteful race segregation is."

This is the modification of the Du Bois proposal, as re-written by the Committee of Administration, and placed before the Board at its April meeting:

"The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has always opposed the segregation of human beings on the basis of race and color. We have always as a basic principle of our organization opposed such segregation and we will always continue to oppose it.

"It is true that we have always recognized and encouraged the Negro church, the Negro college, the Negro school, and Negro business and industrial enterprises, and we shall continue to encourage them, so that they may serve as proofs of Negro efficiency, ability and discipline. Not merely external necessity but our faith in the genius of the Negro race has made us do this. But this does not alter our conviction that the necessity which has brought them into being is an evil, and that this evil should be combated to the greatest extent possible.

"We reserve to ourselves complete liberty of action in any specific case that may arise, since such liberty is essential to the statesmanship necessary to carry out any ideal; but we give assurance to the white and colored peoples of the world that this organization stands where it has always stood, as the chief champion of equal rights for black and white, and as unalterably opposed to the basic principle of racial segregation."

This is the resolution passed by the Board:

"The National Association for the advancement of Colored People is opposed both to the principle and the practice of enforced segregation of human beings on the basis of race and color.

"Enforced segregation by its very existence carries with it the implication of a superior and inferior group and invariably results in the imposition of a lower status on the group deemed inferior. Thus both principle and practice necessitate unyielding opposition to any and every form of enforced segregation."

These proposals and this vote will be discussed in the June issue of THE CRISIS.

It would be interesting to know what the Board means by the resolution.

Does it mean that it does not approve of the Negro Church or believe in its segregated activities in its 26,000 edifices where most branches of the N.A.A.C.P. meet and raise money to support it?

Does it mean that it lends no aid or countenance to Fisk, Atlanta, Talladega, Hampton, Howard, Wiley and a dozen other Negro Colleges?

Does it disapprove of the segregated public school system where two million Negro children are taught by 50,000 Negro teachers?

Does it believe in 200 Negro newspapers which spread N.A.A.C.P. news and propaganda?

Does it disapprove of slum clearance like the Dunbar Apartments in New York, the Rosenwald Apartments in Chicago and the $2,000,000 projects in Atlanta?

Does it believe in Negro business enterprise of any sort?

Does it believe in Negro history, Negro literature and Negro art?

Does it believe in the Negro spirituals?

And if it does believe in these things is the Board of Directors of the N.A.A.C.P., afraid to say so?

THE CRAWFORD CASE

THE CRISIS has hesitated at expressing any opinion concerning the Crawford case, where a Negro was arrested in Boston for an alleged crime committed in Virginia. We have been unable to get a satisfactory statement of the facts. So far as we know, the facts are something like this: The black man, arrested in Boston, asserted that he was not in Virginia at the time the crime was committed. There were certain suspicious circumstances surrounding this murder of two women, which seem to point toward interested white perpetrators.

The N.A.A.C.P. went to the defense of Crawford. They secured a remarkable decision from a well-known judge, which refused his extradition, because of conditions surrounding the trial of Negro criminals in the South. After a long fight, and after nation-wide publicity, Crawford was finally extradited and tried in Virginia. The lawyers who defended him, pleaded guilty for their prisoner, and he was given life imprisonment.

Here is a situation that calls for frank and detailed explanation. THE CRISIS asked the Defense Attorney to write us a statement of the case before the trial. But he was too busy. Since the trial, it has been suggested that we publish the remarks which he made at that trial. We have seen no reason to do that. But we do ask that he or somebody else tell THE CRISIS and the public frankly just exactly what happened; because it seems to us that in so grave a case as this, either we should never have taken the case in the first place, or we should have fought it to the last ditch. The columns of THE CRISIS are open to communications.

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